

BASKETBALL

Baltimore U., 8 p. m.
Saturday, Feb. 13

The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

VOL. 28, NO. 18

PUBLISHED IN
TWO SECTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1932

SECTION ONE

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Hoover Plants Elm, Gift of Elmira Group, on Campus

College Club Presents Tree as
Commemoration of
Bicentennial

Friday morning, January 29, the Elmira Club of Washington presented an elm tree to The George Washington University, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who holds the degree of doctor of laws from Elmira College, and is an honorary member of the Elmira College Club of this city, officiated in the planting of the tree, on the University grounds adjoining Lambie House.

Mrs. Clinton O. Ward, president of the club, presided at the ceremony. Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, president of the University, accepted the tree for the University. Seymour Lowman, assistant secretary of the Treasury and a member of the Elmira College Board of Trustees, spoke on behalf of the college. In completion of the ceremony, Mrs. Hoover was presented with a corsage of spring flowers in the Elmira College colors, by Mary Jane Cricheer and John Charles Lockman Donaldson, attractively costumed, in the colors of Elmira College and The George Washington University, as Martha and George Washington.

Mrs. John Donaldson, a former student of music at Elmira College and member of the club, as well as an alumnae of this University, represented both institutions and assisted in carrying out the program. A luncheon at the Arts Club, with President Marvin, Provost Wilbur, and Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Lowman as guests of honor, concluded the program.

An appropriate ceremony in her presentation speech Mrs. Ward stressed the appropriateness of planting the tree on the campus of The George Washington University because the University bore the name and carried out the ideals of the great patriot and statesman in whose honor the ceremony was being held. In honoring George Washington, Mrs. Hoover remarked as she put in the first spadeful of earth: "This is for Elmira College, and here is a second spadeful for George Washington University, and a third one just because I enjoy doing it." Miss Esther Hart, charter member of the club, held the tree while Mrs. Hoover planted it.

President Marvin expressed appreciation of the gift on behalf of the University, and mentioned that it was particularly fitting that the tree planted should be an elm, referring to the famous George Washington elm on the Capitol grounds, and the fact that Washington had taken command of the Army of the Colonies under an elm tree.

Little Miss Cricheer is the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lane Cricheer. Mrs. Cricheer is a former president of the Elmira College Club. Master Donaldson is the four-year-old son of Professor and Mrs. John Donaldson. Other members of the club who took part in the ceremony were Mrs. E. W. Liscum, member of the Board of Trustees of Elmira College; Miss Charles W. Rippey, Mrs. Fred W. Crocker, a former president of the club; Miss Cynthia Crocker, who held the club banner; and Mrs. Paul Benjamin.

Newman Club Hears Address by Bentley

Feature Speaker Discusses Ideals in
Writings of Willa Cather

At its regular meeting, February 3, the Newman Club had as its feature speaker, Thomas Bentley, graduate of Columbian College, who discussed the works of Willa Cather. Bentley stated in his discussion that Willa Cather, though not a Catholic, has in her many works presented vivid descriptions of the ideals and principles which motivate representative Catholics in their daily lives.

Another feature of the meeting was the talk by J. Gleary, member of the Board of Governors of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs.

Plans are being made by members of the Newman Club for the three-day conference to be held in Washington on April 29, 30, and May 1, when the local club will be host to delegates and visitors from the fourteen College Catholic Clubs comprising the Middle Atlantic Province of the Federation.

The next meeting of the Newman Club will be on February 25, when an informal dance and card party will be given at the Thomas Circle Club. Details will be announced later in The Hatchet.

At Planting of Bicentennial Gift



Little Mary Jane Cricheer, daughter of Mrs. A. Lane Cricheer, past president of the Elmira College Club of Washington, presents a corsage to Mrs. Herbert Hoover as the First Lady plants the elm tree, the Bicentennial gift of the College to George Washington University.

Florence Hale Talks At Education Dinner

President of National Association Discusses Closing of Schools

Miss Florence Hale, president of the National Education Association, was guest of honor and speaker at the annual dinner of the District Education Association, Friday, February 5, at the Shoreham Hotel, with Dr. J. Orin Powers, president of the District Association, presiding.

Miss Hale discussed several instances where schools had been shut down for lack of funds, or children taken from secondary schools in order to provide extra incomes for the family during the depression; she then made a plea for economy in any line but education, and called attention to the changed attitude toward continuing education, brought about by the radio talks on education.

Other speakers were: Dr. Fred J. Kelly, chief of the division of higher education in the Office of Education, who told of the work of his office in integrating college, secondary, and elementary school teaching; Dr. A. E. Winship, "Father of Education Journals" in this country; Mrs. Philip Sydney Smith, of the local Board of Education; and Dr. Frank W. Ballou, superintendent of schools in the District, who told of the present work of the schools and of future plans for their betterment.

The National Education Association was well represented, and many other prominent local educators were present.

Lee, New Instructor In Pharmacy School

Third in Series of Lectures Will Be
Given Late in February

With the beginning of the second semester John William Lee will replace Mr. Witt as instructor in Pharmaceutical Chemistry. Mr. Lee, a native of Missouri, received his training at the University of Oklahoma and Valparaiso University.

Every student in the School of Pharmacy took advantage of the pre-registration plan to complete his registration for the second semester.

A motion picture of unusual interest to pharmacists and students was shown at the School of Pharmacy last evening through the courtesy of Eli Lilly & Co., of Indianapolis. This is the second of a series of motion pictures and special lectures to be held this semester. The next lecture, by J. W. Luther of Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., on "The Manufacture of Cotton Gauze and Adhesive," will be delivered the latter part of the month.

George Washington Convocation Booked

President Marvin Will Deliver Address
at Bicentennial Exercises

Representatives of colleges and universities throughout the country and the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association will honor George Washington on the opening day of the Bicentennial Celebration when they will join in the Bicentennial Convocation of The George Washington University, the institution founded in the National Capital in furtherance of Washington's hope and project and dedicated to Washington's ideals.

The Convocation will take place at 8 p. m. on February 22 in Constitution Hall, the auditorium of the daughters of the American Revolution. It is designated by the United States Bicentennial Commission as one of the collateral patriotic events of the National Capital's program of participation in the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington and also is scheduled as an official part of the program of the convention of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association.

Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, president of The George Washington University and chairman of the District of Columbia Bicentennial Commission, will deliver the address.

Tremaine, Conductor of Prom Orchestra, Has Unique Reputation Among Bandsmen

Paul Tremaine, who will bring his 15-piece band to Washington on March 18 to play for the interfraternity prom at the Shoreham Hotel, is unique among the wielders of the baton. Except when he sings the spirituals and hill-billy tunes of the New Hampshire mountains, for which ditties he is famous, Paul is known as the silent one of the great band leaders. Uninterested in other people, he is happiest when he is alone.

Tremaine began his musical education when he was seven by learning how to play the drums. His first professional job was as a member of his father's band, playing for a mining officials' brawl, and during the course of the evening striking miners proceeded to shoot up the hall. Paul managed to keep alive by hiding behind the piano, which was probably responsible for his later love of the piano. He studied piano under his mother in Denver.

Today he is able to conduct more than 180 standard and classical selections entirely from memory, having

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

Alumni Association Hears Discussions On the University

Marvin and McKinley Address
Luncheon Given in May-
flower Garden

A group of George Washington University alumni which taxed the capacity of the Garden at the Mayflower Hotel gathered Saturday at luncheon under the auspices of the General Alumni Association to hear talks concerning the University from President Cloyd Heck Marvin and Dean Earl Baldwin McKinley. In the absence of the president of the Association, Justice James M. Proctor, Dr. Frank A. Hornaday, past president, presided.

"There are eight institutions of higher education that bear the name of Washington, but only one of them is in the location that he designated," President Marvin said. "With the possible exception of two, no other university in the country can boast of as many graduates in public service as The George Washington University." High Standard Set.

An advanced type of thinking resulting from the more mature student in George Washington University class rooms makes necessary the holding up of higher standards, and because of this fact the faculties have set a standard 10 per cent higher than the average, President Marvin said.

With reference to the program of medical education, President Marvin quoted from the report of the survey made of the School of Medicine by a

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

Gate and Key Gives Valentine Eve Dance

Initiation—Tomorrow Night
Brings Five New Members
to Fraternity

The formal Valentine's Day dance given by Gate and Key for its members and guests will be at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house, Saturday night, February 13. The first of a series to be given by the fraternity, Oliver Pagan, social chairman, has endeavored to make this formal one to be remembered.

The occasion will be the first social function for several newcomers to this honorary social activities organization. They will be initiated at a ceremony at the Phi Sigma Kappa house tomorrow, Wednesday night, at 8 o'clock. The men pledged for initiation are C. Manley Fesler, Sigma Chi; Frank Hsie, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; William Hanback, Phi Sigma Kappa; Minor Hudson, Kappa Alpha; and Thomas Vaughn, Kappa Sigma. All five have been prominent both in activities, either on the campus or within their own chapters, and in the social life of the University. Their initiation should bring new life to the group, and make possible greater activity on the campus.

The first round of the interfraternity bowling matches will be run off Saturday night, and those planning to attend the dance may adjourn to the S. A. E. house immediately afterwards.



Paul Tremaine

Attention, Men! Physical Exams.

Medical examinations and physical aptitude tests for men students registered in Physical Education 22-72, and for those failing to satisfy the test requirements last semester will be given as follows:

Medical examination—Friday, Feb. 12, in the gym, from 10 a. m. to 12 m.

Physical aptitude—Friday, Feb. 12, in the gym from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and Saturday, Feb. 13, from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

The faculty has set aside these periods for such tests and this is the only time they will be given.

Lawyers to Give Dinner at Willard

Dean Van Vleck Will Be Toast-
master at Annual Law
School Affair

The seventeenth annual Law School dinner, given jointly by the Law School and the Columbian-George Washington Law School Association will be held at the Willard Hotel on Saturday evening, March 12, at 7 o'clock. Dean William Cabell Van Vleck of the Law School will be the toastmaster.

The feature speaker will be Dean James Crafton Rogers of the University of Colorado School of Law. Dean Rogers is now on leave of absence from his educational duties while serving as Assistant Secretary of State. Guests of honor, in addition to Dean and Mrs. Rogers, will include President and Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin, Chief Justice and Mrs. Alfred A. Wheat.

Faculty members of the committee making arrangements for the dinner are: Gilbert L. Hall, chairman, James Forrester Davidson, James O. Murdock, Clarence A. Miller, and Helen Newman, secretary of the Law School. Alumni members of the committee are: Matthew H. O'Brien, H. Clay Espey, Oliver Geiger, Frederick L. Pearce, and James O. Wright, Jr. A student committee comprising thirty-six students has been appointed.

Varsity Will Face Menace to Record In Opposing Fives Baltimore and Duquesne Bat- tle Colonials' Undeclared Quint Within Week

The Colonial varsity five will be out after another victory Saturday night, to add to its string of nine wins already registered, when it meets Baltimore University in the George Washington gymnasium at 8 o'clock. Next Monday, February 15, the locals will visit Pittsburgh for a return fracas with Duquesne University, which it subdued earlier in the season.

The engagement with Baltimore should not be a difficult obstacle in the Colonials' path, though the visitors are likely to provide interesting competition for their hosts. Both Georgetown and Gallaudet hold decisions over the Baltimoreans, as a result of hard fought matches.

The encounter with Duquesne promises stern battling. The Ducks will do their utmost to avenge the severe defeat they suffered in Washington a few weeks ago, at the hands of Pixlee's charges. Fans will remember the thrilling fight which the Pittsburghers waged during the first half, only to be routed during the latter half of the contest, and no doubt they will be more dangerous on their home floor. Duquesne would like nothing better than to spoil the undefeated record of the Colonials, in the same manner in which their unbroken string was ended. The Buff and Blue men, however, ought to emerge on the long end of the score once more, if they display the form expected of them.

The athletic department is negotiating with Wake Forest College of North Carolina, for a game to be played February 20, and the date is practically assured. The schedule called for a meeting with Virginia Medical College on that date, but this has been cancelled, as well as a tentative date with Creighton College of Omaha, Neb. The scheduling of Wake Forest would leave six games yet to be played, including battles with St. Joseph's College, St. John's College of Brooklyn, and Rider College, to be played on a final trip the end of this month.

Naomi Myers Pours At Tea Next Sunday

International Students' Society Will
Hold Affair in Lambie House

Naomi Myers, representing the United States in the International Students' Society of the George Washington University, will be hostess at a tea Sunday, February 14, in the Lambie House at 4 p. m.

The International Students' Society is a new organization formed at the University for the purpose of establishing friendly relations among foreign students. Last November President Marvin and the members of the Board of Trustees gave a reception in honor of University students from foreign countries.

Following this, a group of students conceived the idea of organizing a society in which each country would have one or more representatives. The plan was readily approved by Professor Alan T. Delbert, who became advisor of the club. President Marvin supported the idea and authorized the organization of the society; and the first meeting was held December 11.

Due to the efforts of Cayetano C. Nagac, president; Naomi Myers, treasurer; Laura Buchler of Austria, and Rene Bonnerjee, secretary, the membership has been increased until there are now thirty-six countries represented on the executive council of the society.

Phi Delta Gamma Installs New Chapter at Columbia

Phi Delta Gamma, national graduate professional sorority, installed a chapter at Columbia University, initiating eighty-four as charter members.

Among the prominent women present was Miss Anna Lorette Rose, formerly dean of women at George Washington University. She addressed the initiates on "The Historical Resume of Higher Education for Women."

Wilgus Visits Cuba On Caribbean Trip

Studies Research Facilities of Univer-
sity of Porto Rico

Dr. Alva C. Wilgus, associate professor of history, has recently returned from an interesting trip to the Caribbean, including visits to Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico.

While not an official representative, but sent by the Geographical History of America, Dr. Wilgus spent a most valuable two weeks of pleasure and research.

Quite in accord with his interest in bibliography, Dr. Wilgus looked into research facilities and library contents of the University of Porto Rico, an institution of about 2,000 students, composed of a dynamic group actively concerned with its development and growth, which has resulted in the addition of several new buildings and a beautified tropical campus.

The University Hatchet

STUDENT WEEKLY

Members of
Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States
National College Press Association

Editor..... F. WINFIELD WITZEL
Business Manager..... LESTER M. GATES

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARIAN BOYLE
LEO DAVID
C. MANLEY FESLER

CECILE HARRINGTON
JOHN J. HEIMBURGER
MARY WEAVER

WALLIS I. SCHUTT

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

KATHRYN DILLE
SAMUEL DETWILER

JOHN T. VIVIAN
GORDON V. POTTER

Virginia Hawkins
Dorothy Lauder

SENIOR REPORTERS
Margaret Liebler
Wilbur McNallen

Jane Menefee
Ruth Schmidt

Rhoda Biese
John Busch
Charlotte Dobin
Evelyn Kerr

JUNIOR REPORTERS
John Everett
Robert Herzig
Helen Middleton
Martha Sutton

Katherine Fritchard
Walter Rhinehart
Doris Skinner
Dick Rollo

Advertising Manager..... PHILIP MERRIMAN
Circulation Manager..... ROGER MARQUIS
Office Manager..... EVELYN ELLER

Published weekly from October to May with one issue in July and September by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 8, 1919. Telephone: National 6462 (University Exchange). Then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 P. M. and on Sunday call District 5170.) Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS

Executive Officer..... DOUGLAS BEMENT
Graduate Manager..... HENRY W. HERZOG

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1932

The Season Is Yet Young—A Real Record Is Possible

With nine victories to its credit and no defeats, George Washington's floor quint finds itself with one of the shortest schedules in history. The best team in Washington—and nothing to do. Four games have been cancelled, and there remains but one game to be played on the home floor.

We must sit back at ease while other teams claim the spotlight with its attendant glory and honors. Every college in the District boasts a good team this season. American has an undefeated five, although it probably has not met as strong aggregations as G. W. has run up against. Maryland is primed to equal its record of last year, and Catholic has no mean average. It is disheartening, to put it mildly, with enthusiasm at a high pitch—hundreds of students storming the gym at each of the few games—to find almost a blank schedule for the balance of the year.

But the season is not over. It should be possible to arrange one or two more real games here. A contest with Maryland should draw a capacity audience in the new Ritchie Coliseum at College Park, or if the authorities prefer to stage the games in town, strong teams would jump at ways.

February-June:

A new semester opens, ripe for those of us who need it to be a "successful" college career.

"Success" does not necessarily mean a high grade. If you can do it without it, don't sacrifice your life for your studies as you do for other activities, and for recreation will be successful.

Freshmen should know by now that college differs from prep or high school.

You are men and women, and you must know how to look out for your measures regulating school, hours, are no more. You must know how to question your lack of attention to lectures or failure to attend thorough regulation and control.

You are given your freedom to utilize it. You are credited with understanding of the serious life. Your single purpose in utilizing this freedom should be to act to get the greatest benefit out of your college career.

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

Ambition Appreciated

A questionnaire at Syracuse University revealed that sophomore women prefer ambitious men to all others.

Such Originality!

Muhlenberg College recently installed a society with the official title, "The Supreme, Archaic Order of Junior Independent Mustache Growers' Association of Muhlenberg College." It is popularly known as the S. A. O. of J. I. M. G. A. of M. C.

It's Strange But

In a cultural test of 1700 students in six colleges, conducted by the Carnegie Foundation, it was revealed that as an average freshmen know more than seniors, especially in Mathematics and English.

Such Helpful Profs.

When a fraternity house at the University of Illinois was quarantined for two weeks, the professors kindly and generously sent assignments to the quarantined members who could not attend classes.

Co-eds Increase at Mercer

Because of the increased number of co-eds at Mercer College, speakers are now required to address all gatherings as "young gentlemen and ladies" instead of "young gentlemen" only, as in the past.

Would Improve Conditions

In order to improve conditions in the McGill University Union cafeteria, the manager believes that co-eds should be permitted the use of the grillroom.

CHIPS

Oh, what a pain in the neck to get up yesterday morning and find grades in the mailbox. Spoiled all the pre-registration Rollo (and some others of you) went thru.

Ooh, lookit! It's "Never No More" for the Drama Club. If Phyllis Mills and her cohorts had any sense they'd have picked out a name to fit better into a 17% letter headline than "Cue and Curtain Club."

See by page 5 where Caroline Seibert puts a total of 595 in the National Rifle Championships, matching all time record. Children, it looks like we've got somebody to take up where Helen Taylor left off.

It's a dangerous, fighting Duquesne team that the Buff 'n' Blue faces next Monday. How 'bout some wideawake bunch of prominent ginks around this locality (like O. K. D. or what remains of the yet unrecognized Colonial Club) organizing a cheering section to make the trip to Pittsburgh next week end? Do you remember the William and Mary and Penn State excursions a couple years ago? There's nothing more certain to make our unbeaten boys continue their record than a big, noisy, rip-roaring, loud cheering bunch of rooters!

But did you ever see anything real important like that happen around here?

Why don't those unusually enterprising Cherry Tree editors (witness the voluminous advertising that's been appearing in these news columns) arrange with Joe Himmelheber to make sketches for the 1932 Cherry Tree, the great Bicentennial Edition Which Will Present the One and Only True Record of Your Years Spent At the Great Institution Which Bears the Name of The First President of The United States, the Only Record by Which You Can Preserve for Posterity and Your Grandchildren Your Brilliant Undergraduate (or Graduate) Record. We suggest that Schaub and Bain commission our able artist (see page 5) to execute a picture of The Hatchet Office at 2 a. m. on Monday morning when Rollo pounds out these lousy columns.

Ray! Interfraters stop bawling and start bowling. Now we can look forward confidently to the same old arguments about amateur standing, affiliation (thank heaven it's not a var-

sity sport), etc., when the duckpin finals come along in a couple weeks.

The addition to the Med School Building is going up plenty fast... The Raspberry will lose florists' advertising now that corsages are banned at the Interfraternity Prom... to say nothing of the massacre Jack Vivian is gonna undergo at the hands (and feet) of our women-folk... Jack just let slip a remark that he had arranged for blankets to keep warm the cars parked in the Shoreham garage at two bits per... good-by blankets... somebody points out that Luther Club has made front page of this sheet the last three issues... that'll have to stop... too conducive to jealousy... yes, this Winchell style is worse than awful... but it's ever so handy... at this time of morning... and, oh yes... welcome, freshies... don't ever get this way.

DICK ROLLO.

Course in Esperanto

A course in Esperanto, the universal language, is given as an elective once a week at the University of Texas.

G. W. BOOKS

A complete line of
students' supplies
and stationery....

PAUL
PEARLMAN

1711 G STREET

Open Evenings until 8 p. m.

An Invitation to FRESHMEN

NEW students are cordially invited to visit Cleves.

More than ten years of popularity with G. W. students and professors has made Cleves a collegiate institution. The dining room is new, cozy, and the smartest near the campus. Foods have genuine appetite appeal, prices are economical, and service obliging.

You will be delighted with both the 45-cent luncheon and the 50-cent dinner.



In the new John Paul Jones Building

The Chesterfield soloist
ALEX GRAY

“and how he can Sing!”

© 1932, LORNEY & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The Chesterfield Cigarette program... Every night except Sunday... Entire Columbia Network, coast to coast... 15 minutes of "Music that Satisfies."

Whether it's a tender old love song or a dashing hit from the latest show, there's the deep thrill of real music in whatever he sings. Hear his fine voice in the Chesterfield Radio Program. And hear Nat Shilkret, too, with his beautifully-balanced big orchestra.

Chesterfield

Freshman Five Will Play Easy Contests This Week

The frosh courtmen will engage in two encounters this week, one with Wilson Teachers' College here at 7 p. m., Thursday, and the other with the Little Generals of Washington-Lee High School at Ballston on Monday, February 15, at 7 p. m.

The game with the Little Generals originally was listed for February 2, but due to a conflict of schedules it was postponed until the present time. Other games listed with the Bethesda-Chevy Chase and Western quints were cancelled.

So far this season the Cubs have annexed eight wins and dropped but four tilts by small margins. In the previous game with the Washington-Lee five the freshmen won by a margin of over 30 points leaving little doubt but that a win is certain in this fray. The five representing the Teachers College should present no difficulty for the frosh.

She prefers A PIPE (For you)

HER name is Ruth. She's a popular co-ed on a famous campus. Yes, she'll have a cigarette, thank you (and smoke it very prettily). But for you she likes a pipe.

That's one smoke that's still a man's smoke. (And that's why she likes to see YOU smoke a pipe.)

There's something companionable about a pipe. Friendly, cool, mellow... it clears your mind, puts a keen edge on your thinking.

And you sound the depths of true smoking satisfaction when you fill up its bowl with Edgeworth.

There, men, is a REAL smoke. Choice mellow burleys, cut especially for pipes—blended for the man who knows his fine tobacco. It's cool, dry, satisfying and you'll find it first in sales, first choice of smokers, in 42 out of 54 leading

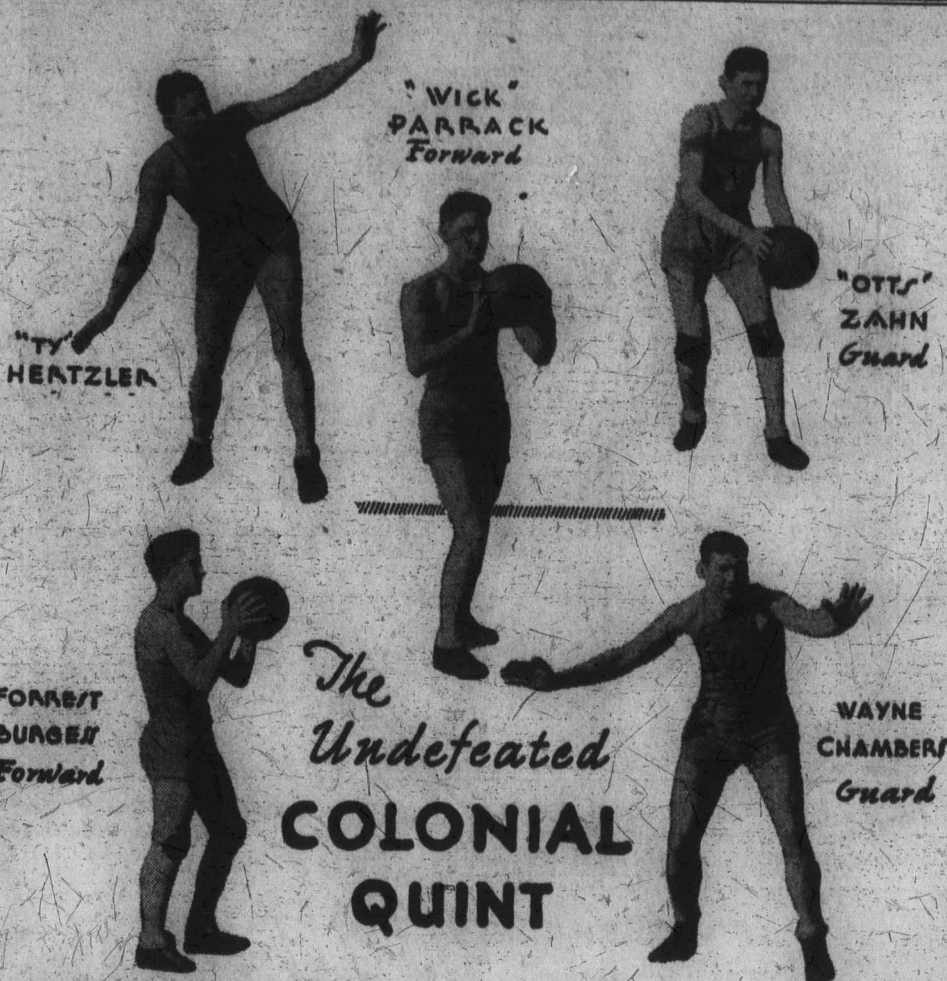
We'd like nothing better than to drop in tonight and toss our own private tin across your study table. But since that can't be, just remember that you can get Edgeworth at your dealer's—or send for free sample if you wish. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural flavor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive and exclusive slow-cure process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes, 15¢ per package to \$1.50 per pound humidor tin.



Sharpshooters, Every One



The Undeclared COLONIAL QUINT

Fraternity Bowling Starts February 13

Contests Will Be at Columbia
Bowling Alleys for Five
Saturdays

Saturday, February 13, is the date set for the debut of interfraternity

bowling. As heretofore stated the games will be rolled at the Columbia Alleys in the Riggs-Thompson building at Fourteenth and Park Rd. N. W., and will continue on consecutive Saturdays after Feb. 13 until the schedule is completed. All the matches will commence promptly at 8 p. m.

This year interest is again focused on Phi Sigma Kappa in League A and on Sigma Nu in League B as these two lodges were winner and runner-up, respectively, in the 1931 matches. Sigma Mu Sigma, newest member of the Greek Council, will be watched for any unprecedented display of bowling talent.

Of the first six games to be bowled this Saturday the two most worthy of consideration as far as the meager reports on hand indicate, are both in League B. Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha come to grips in what will probably be a most interesting pin spilling contest, these two houses ever enjoying the hottest of rivalry, perhaps because of their geographical proximity. Sigma Nu will roll against Sigma Mu Sigma, alleged to be the proverbial "dark horse."

For the convenience of interfraternity sportsters and their followers the bowling schedule is published below:

BOWLING SCHEDULE			
LEAGUE A			
Saturday, February 13			
S. X. vs. P. S. K.	K. S. vs. K. A.		
T. U. O. vs. T. D. X.	S. A. E. vs. S. P. E.		
D. T. D. vs. Acacia	S. N. vs. S. M. S.		

Freshman Swimmers Lose To Friends School in Meet

In a return meet with Baltimore Friends School, the freshman swimming team succumbed only after a hard-fought 42-31 meet last Saturday afternoon in the Ambassador Hotel Pool.

Marked improvement was noticed in the frosh as compared with their previous showing against Friends, when they lost by a 23-point margin. Milton Flocks, crawl stroker, was appointed captain by Coach Albert Lyman after the meet.

Loyola High School natators will be met next Saturday in Baltimore.

Summary:
200-Yard Free Style Relay—Won by G. W. (Flocks, Lane, Smith, Gordon). Time, 1 minute 46 4-10 seconds.
Fancy Diving—Won by Smith (G. W.); second, Compayne (G. W.); third, Vincent (Friends). Points, 71-8.
50-Yard Free Style—Won by Wilson (Friends); second, Smith (G. W.); third, Hill (Friends). Time, 26 seconds.
100-Yard Breaststroke—Won by Blucher (Friends); second, Moses (Friends); third, Everett (G. W.). Time, 1 minute 23 seconds.
220-Yard Free Style—Won by Stever (Friends); second, Lane (G. W.); third, Ellis (Friends). Time, 2 minutes 58 seconds.
100-Yard Backstroke—Won by Christliff (Friends); second, Lane (G. W.); third, Compayne (G. W.). Time, 1 minute 14 seconds.
100-Yard Free Style—Won by Frey (Friends); second, Moore (Friends); third, Gordon (G. W.). Time, 1 minute 2 seconds.
150-Yard Medley Relay—Won by Friends (Christliff, Blucher, Frey). Time, 1 minute 50 seconds.

Friday, February 20			
P. S. K.	vs. Acacia	S. P. E.	vs. K. A.
T. D. X.	vs. S. X.	S. N.	vs. K. S.
D. T. D.	vs. T. U. O.	S. A. E.	vs. S. M. S.
Saturday, February 27			
S. X.	vs. T. U. O.	S. N.	vs. K. A.
D. T. D.	vs. P. S. K.	K. S.	vs. S. A. E.
T. D. X.	vs. Acacia	S. P. E.	vs. S. M. S.
Saturday, March 5			
T. U. O.	vs. P. S. K.	S. N.	vs. S. A. E.
S. X.	vs. Acacia	S. N.	vs. S. P. E.
T. D. X.	vs. D. T. D.	D. S.	vs. S. M. S.
Saturday, March 12			
T. D. X.	vs. P. S. K.	K. S.	vs. S. P. E.
S. X.	vs. D. T. D.	S. A. E.	vs. S. N.
T. U. O.	vs. Acacia	K. A.	vs. S. M. S.

Colonial Swimmers Lose First Match

Washington and Lee Mermen
Triumph Over Buff and
Blue Team, 42-24

At its opening meet of the season at the Ambassador Pool Saturday evening, the Colonial aqua struggled vainly to meet the strong opposition of the Generals from Washington and Lee. The final score of 42 to 24 does not do justice to the local mermen who won three of seven events, and were close behind the visitors in the other four.

Washington and Lee has one of the best swimming teams in the South, and is thought to be the strongest aggregation on the Colonial schedule.

Rote won the 100-yard free style in fast time; and Kinsler performed nicely in the 100-yard breaststroke event. He swam at an even pace and won easily from the General who made an exciting last moment attempt to overcome Kinsler's lead. The fancy diving was close, with Heslop leading his closest opponent by two and one-half points. Heslop presented a fine array of fancy dives which won for him the plaudits of the spectators on several occasions.

Summary:
200-Yard Relay, Freestyle—Won by W. & L. (Rivers, Moreland, Musser, Nichols). Time 1:41.
Fancy Diving—Won by Heslop (G. W.); second, Cohen (W. & L.); third, Walker (W. & L.).
50-Yard Freestyle—Won by Nichols (W. & L.); second, Rote (G. W.); third, Moorland (W. & L.).
100-Yard Freestyle—Won by Rote (G. W.); second, Rivers (W. & L.); third, Musser (W. & L.).
100-Yard Breaststroke—Won by Kinsler (G. W.); second, Zachary (W. & L.); third, Stern (W. & L.).
500-Yard Swim—Won by Harris (G. W.); second, Cohen (W. & L.); third, Burnside (G. W.).
100-Yard Backstroke—Won by Moody (W. & L.); second, Nichols (W. & L.); third, Rote

Colonial Courtmen Keep Unblemished Record In Games

William and Mary and Lynch-
burg Fall Victims of Buff
and Blue Attack

The George Washington University basketball team won its eighth and ninth consecutive victories by defeating Lynchburg College 50-23 January 30 in the gym, and William and Mary College 37-35 at Williamsburg, Va., February 4.

In going to the Virginia town to meet the Indians, the Colonials left their home lair for the first time in a month and the result was nearly disastrous to their clean slate, as the score indicates. Lynchburg at no time offered the Colonials stiff opposition and in the last half the game turned into a rout.

Against William and Mary, however, the Colonials were never able to get a substantial lead. From the opening whistle both teams played at high speed, the lead changing hands frequently with Litwin and Shaffer leading the Indians, and Burgess and Parrack heading the Colonials.

Hertzler was able to get the jump at will but the Virginians put up such a struggle on the defense that the Colonials' high-powered tap-off plays were checked considerably for the first time this year. At half time George Washington led 20-19.

Fouling Is Frequent
After the rest both teams were struggling vainly for an advantage. Play became even faster and fouling frequent as the result of close guarding. Parrack, who usually adheres closely to the foul rules, was removed via this route as was Gallant of the home team.

With 10 minutes to go both teams resorted to long shots. Burgess sank two in succession and Mulvey and Zahn each got one to give the Colonials an eight-point advantage as the end of the game neared. The Indians, however, retaliated on shots by Lynn and Litwin and fouls by Moresleest, and the Colonials' lead was cut to two points at the gun.

George Washington outscored the home team from the floor 15 to 10 but proficiency of the latter boys at the foul line nearly evened things up. Litwin, Indian guard, made 7 fouls and two field goals to lead his team in scoring with 11 points. Burgess and Parrack, of the visitors, with 13 and 12 respectively, were high scorers for the evening.

Opening with a barrage of shots in the last two minutes of play by "Wick" Parrack and Forrester Burgess, the Colonials made up for a slow first half and defeated Lynchburg 50-23. The Virginians, who had managed to keep within striking distance at 18-11 at the first half, were completely swept off their feet by the play of Parrack and Burgess, Colonial forwards who scored 23 and 16 points respectively.

Couple of Good Reasons
A professor at New River State College, in explaining why so many people attended football games, said that one-half go to see the games, while the other half go to see the band. The boys go to see the girls, and the girls go to see what the other girls are wearing.

A TIP for wise students



You can't eat adjectives so we won't attempt to describe the "new McReynolds Cafeteria 50-cent Student Dinner. We will say that the produce, condiments, and meats are of the same quality as those used by Washington's finest hotels, that even the bread we serve is baked in our own kitchen—and add one G. W. student's comment:

"I've tried all of them and your 50-cent dinner is the best I've found near the campus."

Of course, we believe he's right—you may agree with him. Why not decide now to come in tonight and see for yourself?

McReynolds Cafeteria 18 at G

"Tomato Juice or Soup, Meat or Fish, two Vegetables, wide choice of Home Made Desserts, Ketchup, Hot Rolls, Coffee with PURE Cream... All served in liberal portions—50 cents."

A Spiel For FRESHMEN (and those who read ads)

When Dr. Quigley set himself up in the drug store business at 21st and G Streets in 1891 he was most concerned about filling prescriptions. Then the University located across the street, and Dr. Quigley began to learn about filling student needs. He's really become an expert.

On the Quigley shelves you'll find an array of the world's best notebooks, pencils, fountain pens—every conceivable item that a student may need. And at the fountain you'll find the Quigley's "Cokes" are a good bit more refreshing than elsewhere.

Step over between classes and look around. The popularity of Quigley's with students ought to be quite evident... if there's a crowd or you don't see what you want just ask for it... and remember that the Quigley staff is striving to render efficient and courteous service!

Meet your friends at

QUIGLEY'S
prescription
Pharmacy
you are always welcome

The KEY

to Better Health

Healthiness means greater Happiness... The "Y" invites you to try the pool and gym as a guest. There is a guest card for every G. W. man at the "Y" desk.

Keep Physically Fit—Mentally Alert

Join the "Y"

Corner
18th &
G Streets

SPORT AXE

By THE SPORTSMAN

After a rather hectic career, being in and then out, my little three chaptered story of professionalism in football comes to an end. Bear with me, ye sportsmen, through the third and last chapter of this tale and all will be revealed concerning its origin and publication.

Chapter 3
In the English universities, a man deficient in studies is not (unless the deficiency is extreme) deprived of competitive sport, any more than a man deficient in athletic ability is deprived of the privilege of competing for scholastic honors. On the other hand, a good athlete is no more favored and nursed by his instructors than a good student would be favored and preferred by the rugby captain.

America is never likely to adopt, in any sport, any rule which remotely approaches the sportsmanship of the declaration in cricket. England will never adopt, in any sport, any method as sickeningly unsportsmanlike as "stalling," or freezing the ball, toward the end of a game, by the team which happens to be leading at the moment. American football is intrinsically, the grandest game I know. But it has been spoiled by stadium, sports editors, system, sycophants, and despotic supervision.

Prostitutes of the Gridiron!
That situation is due to frenzied publicity (which has no counterpart in England), to the American axiom that a clouded victory is more honorable than a bright defeat (a proposition which would not be understood in England), to the fact that the majority of all American universities are in the market for customers as certainly as the automobile companies are in the market for customers (and this would not be comprehended in England), wherefore the heroic hirings are always with us.

In the first paragraph he visualizes an idealistic situation that is high impossible to achieve in American universities unless the whole scheme of higher education is revised.

As for the bits about "stalling," many of our coaches in dear old U. S. A. have the identical feeling.

The third paragraph merely denotes exploitation of the game, which is quite true.

The last paragraph is nothing more than a summing up of the whole truth concerning professionalism in American football couched in glowing rhetorical terms for effect on the readers.

These chapters have all been taken from the novel "Colossus," by Holworthy Hall, a very absorbing story of college life written as adverse propaganda concerning professionalism in American college football.

Athletics Result in Beauty

A native of Persia, a freshman at University of North Carolina, says that American girls are the prettiest he has ever seen, and attributes their beauty to athletics.

Philipsborn
SEVENTH ST. - BETW. P & S

"COLLEGE
CORNER"

Sponsors the New

SWEATERS

\$2.95

and

Skirts

\$3.95



Medical Alumni Will Hold Yearly Reunion

Dr. E. Starr Judd, Chief Surgeon of Mayo Clinic, Will Be Guest Speaker

On Saturday, February 20, the annual reunion and banquet of the George Washington University Medical Alumni will be held at the Willard Hotel with Dr. E. Starr Judd, president of the American Medical Association and chief surgeon of the Mayo Clinic, as the guest speaker. A distinguished group of medical men and laymen from Washington and nearby cities will be present as guests of honor, and many eminent members of the medical profession who are graduates of The George Washington University School of Medicine will attend.

Dr. Frederick August Reuter, president of The George Washington University Medical Society, will preside at the banquet. Arrangements are in charge of a committee headed by Dr. Frank A. Hornaday and including Dr. Walter A. Bloedorn, Dr. Courten Baxter Conklin, Dr. Arnold McNitt, Dr. Russell McNitt, Dr. Carl J. Mess, Dr. Margaret Nicholson, Dr. Esther Nathanson, Dr. John Reed, and Dr. Raymond Thomas.

Members of Troubadour Orchestra



Membership includes Clifford J. Brinkman, Edgar Brower, Burke Drury, James Fraser, Herbert Friedlander, Leon Gerber, Filadelfo Irreverre, Rollin Jones, Rex Nelson, Clifford Schopmeyer, Kenneth Smith, Max S. Smith, and Daniel Beattie, Director.

:-: SOCIETY :-:

This week has been almost as hectic as exam week, only in a different way. Six fraternities gave dances and there were many private parties.

Delta Tau Delta began the week with the annual "Tacky" party. The Delt house, elaborately decorated, took on a festive atmosphere for a real old fashioned evening. Dagmoir music, candle lights, amusing costumes and an excellent crowd scored another success for the hosts.

Sigma Chi active, alumni, and guests, a party of eighty, enjoyed Friday evening in the Shoreham pool. Fancy diving and unique races were the events of the evening. Following the swimming party the participants ad-

joined to the house, where delicious refreshments awaited. Dancing followed and all voted the evening a perfect success.

Theta Upsilon Omega gave a post-exam formal at the house on Friday, February 5.

Phi Sigma Kappa pledges entertained active, alumni, and friends at an informal dance at the house Wednesday evening, February 3. Music was furnished by the house band and the band, the "Aristocrats."

The "Silver Crescents" furnished the music for the Kappa Sigma and their dates at a dance Thursday, February 4. The chapter honored Paul Conrad and his wife.

Acacia announces the formal pledging of Wayne Chambers.

Delta Tau Delta announces the pledging of Finnis Parrish.

Beta Chapter of Phi Delta Gamma, national graduate sorority, entertained a group of graduate women students at breakfast at the Restaurant Pierre, Sunday at 10 o'clock.

Hendrix Munford and Fred Stevenson spent mid-year recess at their homes in North Carolina and New Jersey, respectively.

Saturday Night Chosen
By K. A. and S. A. E.

Kappa Alpha and Sigma Alpha Epsilon shared the honors Saturday, when both fraternities gave dances. Both parties were unusually good and many students divided the evening between the two.

Among those seen at the Naval Academy for the First Class Hop on January 30, were Betty Rees, Marian Huse, Anita Watson, Marguerite Thomas, Amber Youngblood and Evelyn Eller. Also Dana Quarles, Henry Quarles, George Pollard, Beryl Hix, and Carroll Hughes.

A. D. Pi held a slumber party Saturday at the home of Kay Watkins.

The Friars held a treasure hunt for their members and pledges January 24, with fourteen couples participating. Following the hunt a dance was held at the house.

Arian O'Brien spent last week-end in Boston.

**Where Good Friends
Got Together . . .**



**Club
Michel**

• WASHINGTON'S
• LEADING
• NIGHT
• CLUB

No. 1 Thomas Circle

**ART
MATERIALS**

MUTH
710 13th
NAT. 6386

Maximo Kalau Addresses

University Education Club

Dr. Maximo Kalau, dean of the Liberal Arts College of the Philippine University, spoke at a dinner meeting of the George Washington University Education Club, January 25, at the Brick Wall Inn.

A graduate of George Washington, Dr. Kalau is here now representing the ninth Commission of the Philippines for Independence before Congress.

Speaking of the educational policies in the Philippines the Dean mentioned the highly "centralized system of school" there and emphasized the weakness of using the English language as a medium of instruction up to the fourth grade.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP



*Fashions for
February*

Valentine's Day—Washington's Birthday—the opening of the Bicentennial celebration—all demand new formal fashions.

The dress sketched is typical of a charming collection in the Junior Misses' Section, Fourth Floor, at \$16.50.

R K O KEITH'S

A WASHINGTON, D. C.
Institution

Week of February 6

Kate Smith

Radio's Best Known Star
Heading All Star
RKO Vaudeville Bill

On the Screen

Dolores Del Rio
Leo Carrillo in
"Girl of the Rio"

5 DE LUXE SHOWS
Doors Open 10 A. M.

CHARLES DENMONT, President

Demomets
1520 Connecticut Avenue

Consult us before placing your orders for your School's Organization Meetings.

Delightful Refreshments

The New Italian American Restaurant
LUNCH 50¢ AND 75¢ DINNER 75¢ AND \$1.00
918 17th Street N. W.

Get your text books at

LOWDERMILK'S

A complete line of G. W. Books (except law), new and second hand. Phone orders to Nat. 0613, after 7:30 p. m., if you do not find it convenient to call. Prompt deliveries.

**LOWDERMILK'S
COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS**

1418 F Street

Just EAST of the Treasury

A Warm WELCOME

to new and old G. W. students

There's no denying that we missed our hosts of G. W. patrons and that we look forward to becoming acquainted with students just enrolled.

We have tried mighty hard specially to please G. W. students. Judging from our volume of student patronage, we have.

One innovation that seems particularly pleasing is the galaxy of meal combinations which we feature; at noon, for 25, 35 and 45 cents, and at night, for 50 and 65 cents. The variations possible are almost unlimited . . . you are free to choose from the array of fine, fresh foods just what you most like. Everything we serve is cooked under the eye of an expert German chef, and portions are generous.

**Jenner's
Cafeteria**
1819 G Street

Special Sunday Dinners

Joseph Himmelheber, Former Engineering Student, Becomes Successful Lithographical Artist for Star

Student in George Washington School of Architecture Is Creator of Series of Drawings, "Our Washington." Career as Artist Was Accident; Success Due Wholly to Own Efforts

BY BETTY COON

September, 1930, a young man walked into the offices of the Evening Star with a roll of scenic sketches under his arm. He showed them to the first man he saw, not realizing that this man was the managing editor. "Say, that's good stuff! Can you fix up five or six more of these?"

Could he! Within a few days the artist had them in. Managing Editor Kuhn turned them down. "I want big drawings, big enough to cover the entire first page of the Sunday Rotogravure!"

To quote the artist's own words: "I blinked, gulped, and although it was already dusk, dashed out to begin work right away on larger sketches. They seemed as big as a house when finished, but I brought them in anyway and The Star gave me a trial contract for six!"

The young man is Joseph Himmelheber, a night student in the School of Architecture here at the University. Last Sunday his trial contract had reached the seventy-third in a series of drawings entitled "Our Washington" devised especially for the Sunday Star.

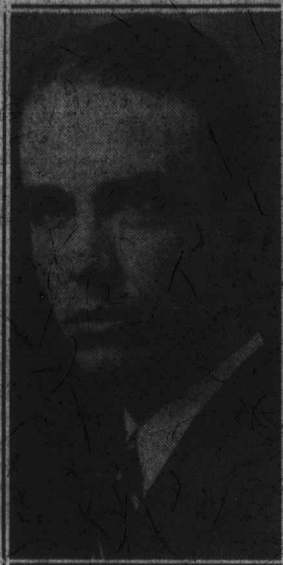
Is Graduate Engineer.

Himmelheber says that he became an artist through a mere twist of fate. In 1923 he graduated from the School

of Engineering at the University of Maryland, and found that pulling cables was his only means of a livelihood. Preferring something else, he began a seemingly endless search for work. At last when he was ready to do most anything, he stumbled across an architectural position at the W. F. Roberts Printing Company. The fascination of this new field lured him, but it wasn't until after four days of pacing the floor that he took a gambler's chance and flung himself into the work that has made him famous.

His work at the printing company was done under specified supervision and as his interest grew, he became anxious to choose his own subjects. For this reason he left the

Brilliant Artist



Joseph Himmelheber

establishment and started out on his own. With the exception of the valuable aid received from a fellow architect in studying out problems and in conquering his worst bug-bearing, sketching cornice—Himmelheber has succeeded solely by himself. During his spare moments, he submitted cartoons which were published in the Washington Herald.

His lithographical sketches published in the Evening Star are made from tiny drafts, little larger than postage stamps. One of his views of the Washington monument was drafted on the back of a delicatessen ad. He does rapid work. Going out on Saturday afternoon to make a rough outline of the objective, he returns to his studio to finish it by Monday.

A tiny room on the top floor of a three story building overlooking G street constitutes his work shop. Perched on a high stool before his drawing table, the light from the one window filtering over his shoulder, his hat pushed rakishly back on his head, he smokes peck after peck of cigarettes while completing his sketches.

Joseph Himmelheber is a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, which he joined while attending Maryland. Since his attendance here at the University, however, he has become affiliated with the George Washington chapter. He is well-liked by his fellow workers in the architectural classes. "Why, everyone knows Joe. He just got married last May."

He was born at Annapolis, Maryland only 28 years ago. On May 2, 1931, he was married to Marian Jackson, of El Paso, Texas. Joe is already nationally famous, but to this he modestly asserts it's all in how one gets the breaks. "It's nine-tenths luck and one-tenth hard work until you get the 'break.' Then it's just plain hard work."

Club Offers Series In Socialistic Field

Well-known Educators, Economists Included in Program

The Socialist Study Club, a group mainly of G. W. U. students, interested in the study of comparative economic systems, announces a course in the study of Socialism, comprising 25 lectures and discussions in six months, which began last Saturday with an introductory lecture by Dr. Joel Seisman, of Johns Hopkins University, "Background of the Struggle for Socialism."

All G. W. U. students are invited to attend any meetings, or to register for the course. For information communicate with Harold Chudleigh at Brookings Institution, 725 Jackson Pl. N. W. The fee for the course is \$2, or 15 cents for any one meeting.

Outstanding Articles Available in Library

Ten Best Magazine Discussions in February Issues Are Selected

The 10 outstanding magazine articles for February, chosen by a council of librarians, may now be obtained in the library. The group consists of "The American College President," by Harold J. Laaki; "The Fallacy of Profits," by Henry Pratt Fairchild; "The Struggle for Disarmament," by Lindsay Rogers; "Notes on a New Bible," by Elmer Davis; "Our Confusion Over National Defense," by Charles A. Beard; "Japan's Economic Condition," by Robert W. Bruere; "The Meaning of the Gold Crisis," by William Orton; "Growing Up By Plan," by Franklin D. Roosevelt; "War in the Kentucky Mountains," by Sterling D. Spero and Jacob Broches Aronoff; and "Twentieth Century Ltd."

Rifle Entrants Finish Shooting Six Targets

Seibert, White, Sheffield, Kerr, Myers Contest for Award

The five entrants from G. W. in the Women's National Championship match have now completed their six targets which were shot in three stages. The National Rifle Association, having received the targets of all contestants throughout the country, will announce the champion sometime in the near future. The winner will receive the title of "National Woman Champion, 1932" and a silver medal, while the next nine highest scorers will be awarded bronze medals.

Scores made out of a possible total of 600 by each G. W. entrant were:

Caroline Seibert—99, 99, 98, 100, 100. Total, 596.

Virginia Sheffield—88, 99, 100, 98, 100, 98. Total, 583.

Ruth White—98, 97, 99, 97, 99, 96. Total, 591.

Evelyn Kerr—98, 99, 97, 97, 98, 99. Total, 583.

Naomi Myers—93, 95, 95, 93, 94, 95. Total, 565.

Caroline Seibert's score of 596 matches the highest total ever made in the Women's National Championship Match.

Columbian Women Hear Dr. C. Moore

Gives Intimate Illustrated Talk on Home Life of George Washington

A scholarly, yet charmingly intimate account of "The Home Life of George Washington" was given at the Columbian Women meeting on Tuesday by Dr. Charles Moore, chairman of the Fine Arts Commission and chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress. Dr. Moore was introduced by Miss Alice Hutchins Drake, chairman of the Program Committee, who had arranged a program appropriate to the opening of the Bicentennial.

Mrs. Helen Turley, contralto soloist, gave an interesting program of colonial music, her numbers including the first song ever written in the United States and the first song published in this country. The Girls Glee Club of The George Washington University also sang.

It was voted that the annual banquet be again held at the Chevy Chase Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Cloyd Beck Marvin were guests of honor at the reception preceding the meeting, which was held in fellowship hall of the Western Presbyterian Church.

Nine new members were selected, including Miss Eleanor Finckel, Miss Mildred F. Bickford, Miss Charlotte Marian Keefer, Miss Mary Louise Allen, Miss Elinor Bernice Moody, Miss Catherine M. Rooney, Mrs. Gertrude Paul Silverman, Miss Elizabeth Stein, and Mrs. Vesta Lockwood Watson.

Mrs. Edgar William Woodard announced that the Literature Section would meet with Mrs. Robert Leighy at 1900 Lamont Street N. W., on Wednesday evening, February 10, at 8:30 p. m.

WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS



C. MANLEY FESLER

Although the spotlight is focused on fraternities only during rushing season, there exists a directing power behind these organizations throughout the year and this power is the Interfraternity Council ably headed by C. Manley Fesler.

Because of his ability as an organizer and his pleasant personality, Fesler has made the Interfraternity Council a body of real value to the University. Through his interest in publications he is an associate editor of The Hatchet on which he has been a reporter for two years. He served as a member of the Cherry Tree staff last year, and is at present publicity manager of that publication.

Fesler's organizing ability was shown again when he founded the Education Club. He was elected as its first president.

He is a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and has recently been pledged to Phi Delta Epsilon, men's honorary journalistic fraternity, and Gate and Key, honorary interfraternity society.

Summer Sessions Courses Announced In Bulletin; Special Curricula Offered

With the issuance of the preliminary bulletin for the Summer Sessions, the George Washington University announces three special curricula to be offered, by visiting professors, by specialists from the United States Government, and by regular members of the University faculty in addition to courses corresponding to those offered during the winter term.

In the related fields of history, economics and political science, the School of Government will offer special work. The director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Frederick M. Feiler, will give a course in modern trends in the organization of business. In addition to his governmental work, Mr. Feiler is prominent as a journalist and engineer, through his affiliation with the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company and membership in engineering associations. Some years ago, he presented a course in industrial management at the Harvard Business School.

A course in the principles of merchandising will be given by Dr. Frank M. Surface, assistant director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Dr. Surface is author of more than 60 papers on scientific and economic subjects. During 1929-30, he was acting professor of marketing at the Graduate School of Business, Stanford University.

Ogg Will Return

Dr. Frederic A. Ogg, of Wisconsin University and editor of the American Political Science Review, will again be a member of the summer faculty. He will give courses in Far Eastern politics and comparative government.

In conjunction with the Washington Bi-Centennial program, Professor J. Fred Rippy of Duke University will offer a course entitled "The Independence Movement in the Americas, with Special Reference to Washington and

Other Leaders." Prof. Rippy is a specialist in the field of Hispanic-American affairs. He will also give a course dealing with the relations of America with Europe within recent years.

Special attention will be given in the School of Government to Latin America. A seminar-conference in Hispanic-American affairs, under the direction of Dr. Wilgus, will offer lectures from the following specialists:

Many Lecturers

Dr. Philip Ainsworth Means, authority on pre-Columbian civilization; Professor Arthur S. Alton, of the University of Michigan; Dr. William R. Manning, of the Division of Latin American Affairs of the Department of State, and professor of history at American University; Professor Clarence H. Haring, of Harvard University; Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, of Columbia University; Professor Clarence F. Jones, of Clark University; Dr. Constantine McGuire, former secretary general of the United States section of the Inter-American High Commission; Miss Heloise Brainerd, director of the Division of Intellectual Cooperation of the Pan American Union; Professor Cecil Knight Jones, of the George Washington University; Senator E. Gil Borges, assistant director of the Pan American Union; Professor J. Fred Rippy, of American University; and Dr. James Alexander Robertson, editor of the Hispanic American Historical Review.

The full program of courses to be offered in the various schools and divisions of the University is not yet completed, but will be published in the regular Summer Sessions bulletin to be distributed next month. This will also include the complete faculty list and all information about the Summer Sessions.

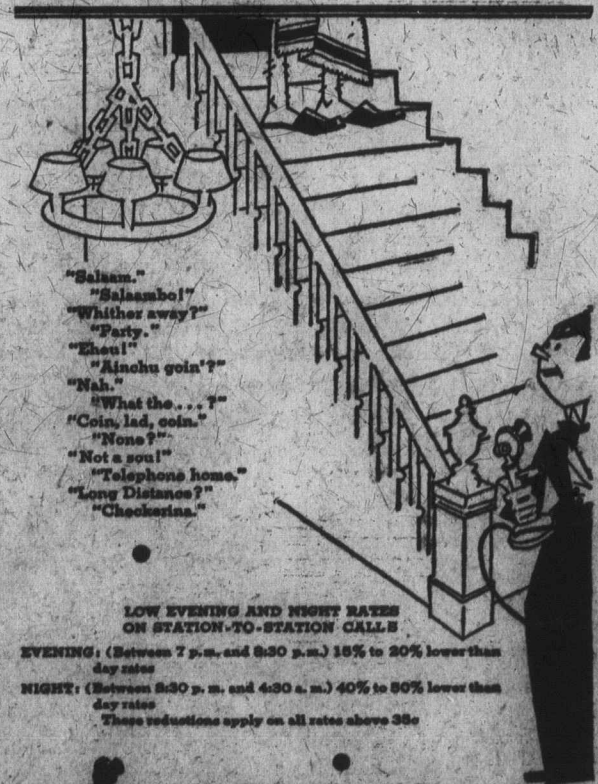
Bill Knows What Freshmen Like

If you're a new student at G. W. make it a point to eat at Bill Shick's G. W. Buffet. He makes a specialty of tender steaks and meats and Hungarian dishes. You'll like his vegetables and fresh and cooked fruits too. G. W. prices are low. Almost all sandwiches and a la carte items are 10 cents, satisfying lunches are 25 and 30 cents, and dinner is but 45 cents.

Try Bill's place for your next meal.

Bill Shick's

G-W
BUFFET
1815 G Street



LOW EVENING AND NIGHT RATES ON STATION-TO-STATION CALLS
EVENING: (Between 7 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.) 15% to 20% lower than day rates
NIGHT: (Between 8:30 p. m. and 4:30 a. m.) 40% to 50% lower than day rates
These reductions apply on all rates above 35c



The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company
(Bell System)
725 Thirteenth Street N.W. METROPOLITAN 9900

Women's City Club

725 Jackson Place
Lunch and dine in an interesting atmosphere
Luncheon 25c-50c-50c and a la carte.
Dinner 55c-75c-\$1.00
Rooms for bridge parties from \$4.00.
Ballroom for dances and meetings \$15-\$25.

Quality Printers

Since 1892
For 45 years Gibson Brothers have held the esteem of printing buyers who believe that every printed message is a personal representative and must look the part in every respect. A phone call will bring our representative.

GIBSON
Brothers, Inc.

PRINTERS
1515 Eye St. N. W.—Nat. 1237-1238

JOIN this Growing Family

Miss Holt makes it a point to get acquainted with her G. W. patrons . . . so mealtime at the Food Shop is pretty much like a family affair. You will like both Miss Holt's attentive service and the quality and reasonableness of her food. Try the Food Shop once, and you are quite likely to buy a meal ticket and become a "regular."

THE FOOD SHOP

G Street at 20th

Service 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

Cue and Curtain Club Has

Ambitious Spring Program

The Cue and Curtain Club, as the Drama Club will be known from now on, is planning an ambitious program for the spring semester, beginning with two one-act plays to be presented at the freshman assembly.

"Etiquette" and "A Matter of Husbandry" are the plays to be given. All students in the University are invited to attend the assembly, which will welcome incoming freshmen. The date will be announced in next week's issue of The Hatchet.

Casts will be selected from among the members of the Cue and Curtain Club. Try-outs will be held shortly.

Further plans for the semester include the production of a three-act play at Wardman Park Little Theater, probably in March.

At St. Lawrence University the societies in the Panhellenic Council regularly exchange dinner guests every two weeks during the school year.

the CIRCLE THEATRE

Home of the Mirror Screen

2185 Penn. Ave. N. W.

Latest DeForest Sound Equipment

"POSSESSED," Tuesday, Wednesday, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, The Joan Crawford you adore and Flimdon's most fascinating man. "THE UNHOLY GARDEN," Thursday, Friday, Ronald Colman, Estelle Taylor, Fay Wray. A story set in a land of strange adventure where rogues preyed on their fellow rogues and women preyed on both.

"SURRENDER," Saturday, Warner Baxter, Lella Hays, The story of four storm swept humans in love with tradition, country, and love.

"HIS WOMAN," Sunday, Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert. A story all men will wish they could live.

"BOOBY," Next Monday, Tuesday, Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan. Special! Special! Don't miss this.

The Hay-Adams House

16th and H Sts. N. W.

Invites all G. W. U. fraternities, sororities, clubs and societies to hold their business or social meetings at the hotel. Beautiful drawing rooms set aside for the purpose without charge.

Nathan Simrod, Manager

The Shelton

When the Shelton opened (7 years ago) we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. Room rates have been greatly reduced. \$2.50 per day without bath. \$3.00 per day with bath. \$4.00 per day, double with bath. Lower rates by the month.

Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool; completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

Save Time Raise Grades

Here's a helpful ally that will rob your written work of its tediousness—you don't have to take our word for it—ask anyone who owns one. Or better, call us at District 1630 and we'll arrange for you to see for yourself.

The UNDERWOOD PORTABLE will save your time and add to the effectiveness of your essays, notes, and term papers.

Standard Keyboard Term Payments

Underwood
Typewriter Co.
1413 New York Ave.

Final Deadline for Year Book Pictures Set at 10 P. M. Saturday, February 20

Absolutely no Photographs Will Be Taken After This Date. Cherry Tree Board Announces; Special Night Hours Scheduled

With less than two complete weeks remaining in which to have pictures taken for this year's edition of the Cherry Tree, seniors and members of all campus organizations are again reminded that the deadline is Saturday, February 20, at 10 p. m. There will be absolutely no pictures taken after this date.

With such a short time remaining the Cherry Tree Board is making every effort to impress upon those students who have not as yet had their pictures made, the importance of acting immediately. Seniors who have not had their pictures made are being reminded by personally addressed cards while those in charge of organizations are being likewise reminded as to the number of persons in their groups who have been photographed so that they can check up on the delinquents.

This system has already made it possible to photograph more seniors than have ever been photographed before, thus making a reality the hope that this annual would be the most representative of the senior class of the many classes that have graduated from the university. Pictures will be made every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and on next Sunday from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. For the benefit of those who find it inconvenient to make any of these hours special sessions will be held on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings from 8 to 10 p. m., including tonight.

For the benefit of the various schools a list is made of the number of seniors in each school who have so far had their pictures made and who will appear in the respective sections.

Columbian College	128
The School of Education	48
The School of Medicine	38
The School of Engineering	28
The Law School	20
The School of Government	18
The Division of Library Science	14
The School of Nursing	12
The Division of Fine Arts	8
The School of Pharmacy	6
The Graduate Council	4

The following listing shows the number of pictures made for each organization that has signified its intention of appearing in the Cherry Tree:

Ateneo	21
Alpha Chi Sigma	10
Alpha Delta Phi	22
Alpha Delta Theta	18
Alpha Epsilon Phi	6
Alpha Eta Epsilon	3
Alpha Lambda Delta	12
Amer. Soc. Mech. Eng.	12
Chi Omega	21
Chi Sigma Gamma	6
Colonial Campus Club	6
Columbian Women	18
Delta Phi Epsilon	10

Tremaine, Leader of Prom Orchestra, Reputed Unique

(Continued from Page 1)

gained his experience conducting his father's fifty-piece band.

Tremaine and his band will provide an innovation for interfraternity proms, bringing a group of national standing to play for the outstanding social event of the year at George Washington.

At the Council meeting held Sunday morning a motion was passed to the effect that no corsages would be sent. In view of the fact that the music has proved an unusual expense, keeping the admission price the same as in former years, it was the consensus of opinion that flowers should be omitted to bring the expenses down within reason.

As in the past a box will be reserved for "wandering grecks," men in fraternities not on the campus. These men may obtain tickets through the office of Dean Doyle at any time during the day.

Regular tickets are already in the hands of the interfraternity delegate of each chapter represented in the Council, and should be obtained at once, as only a limited number can be accommodated in the ballroom of the Shoreham.

Alumni Association Hears Discussions on University

(Continued from Page 1)

committee recommended from the Rockefeller Foundation, the statement that there are in Washington certain facilities for the teaching of medicine that cannot be equalled any place in the United States and perhaps in the world.

Dean McKinley outlined the reorganized program of medical education recently inaugurated. He stated that in the developing of medical research the University would not neglect its clinical work.

Among the distinguished graduates of the University in attendance were: Commissioner Luther H. Reichelderfer, Assistant Superintendent of Schools Stephen E. Kramer, Brigadier General Rufus Lane of the Marine Corps, Mr. Harry Davis, Dr. Oscar Benwood Hunter, Dr. John Howard Dellinger, Dr. Frederick A. Reuter, Dr. Everett Munroe Ellison, Dean William C. Van Vleet, Dean Elizabeth Peet, Professor Colin M. Mackall and Mr. Paul Sperry.

Dr. Humphries Addresses Men of Alpha Chi Sigma

At a smoker held in Building K on February 6, Alpha Chi Sigma, professional chemical fraternity, was addressed by Dr. W. J. Humphries, of the U. S. Weather Bureau. His subject was "The Great Importance of Airy Nothings."

Announcements

A cooperative book-exchange will be conducted in front of Quigley's for the next week to enable students to secure second semester books. John Lannan and Dale Hill will take your books, give you a receipt for them, and when sold will turn over to you the entire sale price less ten or fifteen per cent. This will enable you to get a higher price on your books, and a lower one on those needed for your new courses.

Meetings

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10

W. A. A. Board—12 noon, Building R, second floor.
Freshman Assembly—12:10, Corcoran Hall 10. Miss Poor will discuss "A Few Aids to Study."
Drama Appreciation Group—8 p. m., Lambie House. Mabelle Jennings, dramatic critic of the Herald, will speak.
Modern Poetry Club—12:30, Corcoran Hall 11.
A. S. M. E.—8 p. m., Building K, Room 11.

THURSDAY, FEB. 11

Menorah Society—8:15, Corcoran Hall 23.
Shakespeare Club—Corcoran Hall 15. Constitution will be drawn up.
Phi Pi Epsilon—1 o'clock, Pi Beta Phi rooms.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12

Masonic Club—8 p. m., Corcoran Hall. All Masons are invited to attend.
Men's Glee Club—Concert at All Soul's Unitarian Church.
Glee Clubs—Vesper concert at Arlington Hall.
German Club—8:30 p. m., Pi Beta Phi rooms.
Engineer's Banquet Committee—Open meeting, Room 12, Building K.
MONDAY, FEB. 15
Colonial Campus Club—8 p. m., W 16.
Intramural Board—12 noon, Building 3, second floor.

Students at Temple University have been seized by the "yo-yo" craze, and are now "yo-yoing" merrily and childishly along.

Organizations desiring to check upon their delinquent members may do so by calling at the Publications Office, Room 13, Building T, 2016 H Street N. W.

Bemis Appointed Committee Head by History Association

Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis, of the history department of the University, has recently been expected chairman of the nominating committee of

the American Historical Association which will nominate officers of the Association for the coming year. Prof. Bemis was also made chairman of the Committee on the Historical Documentary Publications of the United States Government.

A 24 HOUR WELCOME to FRESHMEN and EVERYONE

You get a real lunch for 25 cents and a big dinner for 40 cents—at the Coffee Pot. We wait on you quickly and courteously. Don't let our low prices mislead you—everything we serve is good and our portions are generous. We hope you'll drop in—any time, for we're always open.

CAPITOL COFFEE POT



1905 Pennsylvania Avenue

ALWAYS OPEN

ALWAYS COURTEOUS

“Cream of the Crop”

LUCKY STRIKE
“IT'S TOASTED”
CIGARETTES

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Opp. 1522, The American Tobacco Co.

“LUCKIES are my standby”

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
Cash in on Poppa's famous name! Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. Doug boxes like a pro, and we don't mean a palooka... he has muscles like a wrestler. When undressing, he hangs his clothes on the chandelier. The box office like his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "UNION DEPOT." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

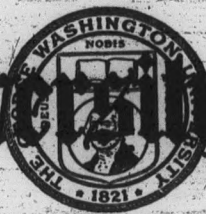
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

“It's toasted”

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

The University Hatchet



Monthly Literary Review

VOL. XXVIII, No. 18

FEBRUARY 9, 1932

SECTION 2

An Examination of Examinations



WITH the fateful end of January drawing near, there are many faculty members and students who are wondering why the devil such weird obsolete customs as Examination Festivals should be held so tabooed. In some classes there is a dismal farce of questioning, in which the instructor and the class are all conscious that the little blue books will never even be looked at. Other professors prescribe immense term papers to take the place of examinations. And cases have been known where the professor gives a very accurate test that can be measured down to two-one-thousandths of a percent, and where delightful charts of the brains in the class, the averages and means, the grand total, the first and the last grades are all displayed for the edification of the victims.

That the examinations are a curse no one doubts. Many students lose nerve when they come into an examination room. There is a surprising amount of informality—to say the least—in the bigger classes, where papers occasionally have uncanny resemblances. Students who have no more intelligence than chickens suddenly become geniuses. The professor has no recourse after the books are turned in than to try to find an average of the classroom grades. Papers are corrected in many cases by instructors and assistants, who cannot take the student's aptitude, earnestness and other idiosyncrasies into account. For example, there was an elementary class in one of the departments some six years ago in which only a dozen or so students were registered; almost every student in the class had an honor-roll record; yet the professor worked on the class-percentage system and committed severe injustices, regretting it later.

This whole question of examinations is bound up with the far greater issue (that of the very constitution of universities) which this writer discussed from a limited angle in a previous issue of the *Review*. In order to in any way get down to the bottom of the problem, it will be necessary to go again to the roots of the matter in asking what place examinations, grades, etc., occupy in any academic association.

There are in general three types of institutions of higher learning: the British type, the American type, and the intellectual colony.

In the type of university called British for convenience, there is a maximum emphasis on the element of cultural and character training. Students cram with tutors, rarely if ever attend lectures, and pass amazingly difficult examinations. There is an accent on atmosphere and a minimization of classroom drudgery. Examinations are final and all-deciding in the attainment of a degree, for the obvious reason that the university has no other possible means of finding out what the student has been doing.

By PAUL M. A. LINEBARGER

In the American type of university, there is little or no atmosphere or subtly far-reaching cultural influencing. What little distinguishes the college from the high school is the regrettable continuation of the Rahrahism of the Peppy Twenties. Formal education is based almost entirely on the class-room and the petty details that lead to a judgment of the quality of a student's work: quiz-cards, themes, and reports. There is a remarkable insistence on the necessity for scrupulous observation of the cut-

into one final great examination that will comprise a hodge-podge of elegant learning for every senior to know thoroughly?

Any attempt to reconcile the two systems is obviously futile. To make a dismal compromise between daily quizzes and semester examinations is to become entangled in percentages and overwhelmed with weird bookkeeping. Either we must decide to keep our time-clocks and trust to destiny to make a path for us into perfection of the mass-production intelligence factory, or—on the other hand—run the risk of flooding the country with politely cultured mid-Victorians, shallow in scholarship and snobbish to their souls' hearts.

Perhaps the former system is preferable. We are all living in a grand experiment, and are the heroes and the victims of invention. Our college life is in an age of indecisiveness in schools, in corporations, in legislatures; we are seeking newer things. These Sober Thirties are possibly the most important years of the century. And so, if feasible, we should try to take stock of our position and go on with our new things, discarding the old utterly.

This means that all the splendid mediaeval traditions of colorful universities must go. We must go on with our Americanly efficient day-by-day-system of classes, keeping up our confusing bookkeeping and irrational grades. For we dare not change or return.

To change back to the old fellowship type of education would mean that we would take a few hesitant steps toward the glamor of the past, only to keep at the same time the evils of the present. It is manifestly impossible to Oxonize a university like G.W. with a harassed faculty and a horde of students. Therefore let us modernize ourselves and our schools in the worst and the best senses of the word. Let us be utterly American, since we can never but half be anything else.

Let us turn to the better parts of our American system and see what we find:

There is an absolute assurance in the daily quiz, frequent report, and attendance law that every student has performed a certain mathematical minimum of hours' work.

There is great ease in arranging classes up to immense size and consequent inexpensiveness.

There is the remote possibility that natural social forces will tend to create faculty-student friendly association beyond the curriculum.

There is the advantage of the elimination of examinations, with all their consequent evils.

For if we cease being hesitantly modern, reluctantly mediaeval, and really get down to a classroom basis rather than a campus or intellectual-club foundation, it will be possible to judge fairly without the use of our present amphibianesque semester third degree.

(Continued on page 6.)

Torturing Beetles

*Torturing beetles is fun
You burn them with matches to see
The way they wobble and run.
Whose beetles are we?*

ting rules. The examination is utterly useless because of this time-clock minuteness of faculty observation of students. If a professor does not know what the student knows after months of gazing into his face and reading his scarcely decipherable handwriting, he will certainly not have his discrimination sharpened by looking through a few fragmentary half-hysterical scribbles in a pamphlet.

Finally, there is the intellectual-colony type of school, without any class regulations, without very definite curricula, without examinations, without grades and without degrees. Examples may be found in many religious schools, research centres, and almost all un-Occidentalized Eastern colleges.

This last type is obviously the ideal, except for the fact that college graduates in America need to be labelled with degrees in order to be distinguished from the proletariat of the illiterati. The universities consider it their duty to the public to earmark their products with A.B.'s, so that the corporations who purchase them may be sure of getting the real thing. Hence we see that we cannot dispense with degrees.

Now, what of examinations? Are we going to have the rabbit-laboratory day-by-day measurements that the American type of university uses, or are we to put all systems of judgment

Candlelight

By HELEN M. SWICK

I.
Candlelight, time: the little girl might well have belonged to many different generations in this dusky light, insufficient for the late winter twilight. Her nose was pressed hard against the window pane; the silvery mist left on the glass about the little black circle was complementary to the gold of the candlelight. Beyond somewhere far back in the black caves of the kitchen was the faint, warm glow of the coal stove and the soft rhythmic sound of the baby's cradle. All was waiting, expectant. The candlelight was steady in its vigilance; even the drone of mother's song was but a part of the sound of the cradle, the steady glow of the candle. Every minute was more exciting. The little girl thought that she surely must hold her breath now. For the cradle was stopped, and all was still in the big kitchen beyond. There was no sound except the warm welcome of the cook stove and the gold festivity of the candle. But after all, one must breathe; the little girl dreaded the rush of sound which would come, which would shatter the hush in the room. It came then in a gust of sound and the candle seemed to flicker. Out in the kitchen mother was putting coal on the fire, and then there was the rude clatter of spoons. And then, almost immediately the lamp was lighted, the candle was blown out and father was home. There was the bustling of the stove, accompanying the sharp rustle of mother's skirts as she moved about. The little girl went out into the kitchen and stood in front of the stove.

Father asked mother almost the same questions he had asked her the night before: "Has everything gone all right today, dear?" and "I bet Jane has helped you today hasn't she, mother?" The stove warmed to the cheery words, and both warmed the whiteness of the little girl's face to a delicate pink. The soup was very warm—so warm that it felt like a flame burning her throat; the crackers snapped pleasingly. The small pin on mother's dress with the real diamond in the center of the green pansy-like flower was very shiny in the lamplight. It was funny how it reflected mother's eyes: her eyes were green too—and there was a little diamond right in the center of them. She watched them fascinated. They shone very brightly when she said something. Father had given mother the pin; mother had told her so. She wondered if father had bought the pin to match mother's eyes, and for a moment she thought she would ask mother. But just as she started to ask, the baby cried, and in the excitement she forgot all about the question she was going to ask. Father picked the baby up, and tossed him up in the air. Even the stove crackled excitedly and the little girl took up her crackers and broke them into small pieces until mother had to tell her that she was getting crumbs all over the floor. The baby laughed—and Jane laughed too. "Shall we give the baby away, Jane?" father asked. Jane laughed again; mother had told her the other day that that was just a joke.

After mother had washed the supper dishes and the baby had been put to sleep, the little girl felt very lonesome. She had known that this time would come; it always came every night: this time when the lights were bright and glaring, when mother and father sat quietly reading papers. Out in the kitchen the stove was almost out. For a long time the little girl was very still; the half burnt candle sat on the low mantle-piece; it too was very still and uninteresting. The strong light in the center of the dining room table shut out securely the night outside. In the front window one could see father—and mother—and Jane. That was the same way they had sat last night and the night before and the night before that. Were they always to sit like that every night as long as they lived? And every evening just before father came home would the candle talk the same way: of silk

dress, beautiful ladies, music and candles, lots of them—silver and gold—?

"Say good night to your father, Jane, dear." There was the crunch of a newspaper as father bent to kiss her, and then mother was helping her up the steps and saying, "Be careful, Jane, not to wake the baby." The banister was black and cold and sticky. There was nothing more to remember of that night.

II.

There were two dresses, new and starched very stiff. One was pink and one was blue, and there were hair ribbons to match. Around the collar of the pink dress was a crocheted edge from a dress that mother had found up in the attic—a dress that mother had had when she was a little girl. It had been hard to rip the lace off without tearing it; even after being so careful there had been two little tears in it; but mother had mended them and they hardly showed at all. Mother had said that she might wear either one of the dresses. Jane chose the pink. The lace was soft, almost like a spiderweb. Mother helped her fasten the buttons; there were so many of them—"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." It came out poor man and Jane laughed; mother tickled the back of her neck a little. Then mother had said "I don't think I'll try to go with you this morning, the baby has such a cold; but you must be a brave girl, Jane." That was a funny thing for mother to say; school was going to be such fun. Mother found in a little box in her bureau drawer a gold bracelet; there was one exciting moment while mother clasped the bracelet around Jane's arm;—there were little forget-me-nots on one side of the bracelet. Mother tied the big pink bows on her hair. Then the door bell rang, and it was hardly a moment before she was walking down the street with Mrs. Lee and Frankie.

It was a long time before she came home. Mother met her at the front door. Jane had thought all the way home from school that she would cry when she saw mother, but she didn't. After all, mother didn't scold at all when Jane showed her the ink spot on the beautiful pink dress. She had gotten some milk and put the dress to soak. While mother got supper, Jane sat wrapped up in mother's flowered kimono and watched the baby so that he would not walk too near the stove. When the teakettle was on and everything else was almost ready, mother sat down with the baby in her arms and read poems

from the red bound poetry book. The baby went off to sleep; when mother came back from laying the baby down, Jane told mother all about school: how the teacher had said that she would have to be vaccinated again, and how the little boy had laughed because her petticoat showed. And mother had gone immediately and found a needle and thread and she had put a tuck in the petticoat. Then they had both laughed a little because mother had said that when her grandmother was a little girl, it had been quite proper for lace-trimmed pantaloons to show,—and what would the little boy who had laughed have thought of that? The kettle sang,—and the little girl decided that after all she would go to school another day.

III.

She had wanted so badly to give mother and father and brother Roger something really lovely that Christmas. All summer long she had secretly worked on an apron for mother; Mrs. Lee had helped her cut it out, and she had embroidered a blue flower on the front. She had thought it was beautiful when it was all finished. Inside a suit box up in the attic she had found a piece of tissue paper; it was just the right size for the apron; and she had used the lovely piece of red ribbon to tie it up: the piece that she had won at the carnival in the early summer. And then one day Roger had found it in her drawer. She and mother were getting supper. He had come into the kitchen, the beautiful piece of red ribbon caught about his leg. In his hand was the apron. "Look, look," he had said. Mother had looked at it once; then she had turned away. Jane had rushed over and grabbed it and ran up the steps. Mother had never mentioned it afterwards, but Jane knew that she had seen it.

Mother had suggested that she fix the pump handle holder for father. She had cut it out of a piece of gray flannel,—a long tube,—and Jane had buttonholed it in red wool. Mother had told her that it would keep his hands from freezing to the cold pump handle on winter mornings. One morning she had walked to school with Frankie Lee. He had asked her what she was giving her father for Christmas. "Shucks," he had said, "I'm giving my father a flashlight in a nickel case. It's a beaut—and a bargain at three dollars." That night she could not bear to work on father's present, and long after mother had come in and turned out the light, she had sat by the window and wondered if there was anyway for her to earn three dollars. And at last when her feet felt like chunks of ice she had climbed into bed.

IV.

The folds of the turquoise blue dress were dark, shimmering rivers with silver glints in them. Jane knew that it was the loveliest dress she had ever had. When she walked she could see in the mirror the toes of the gleaming silver slippers. She smiled as she thought of the way she and mother had worried as to whether or not the dress would be long enough to hide her old patent leather pumps. Just that night father had brought home the slippers. He had come in the house,—a broad grin on his face. "I never did understand what you ladies could see in all this finery but here you are, daughter." And when she had tried them on and walked across the room, father's eyes had been a bright blue. Afterwards while she and mother pressed the dress for the last time, she had heard father whistling as he cultivated the garden. Mother hadn't let her help with the after-supper work, she had insisted that Jane go up stairs to rest awhile for the "big evening ahead of her." But Jane had not been able to rest. She had brushed her hair until it was a golden brown. Then she had dressed slowly. She was standing in front of the

(Continued on Page 8.)



Magnolias

By WINIFRED A. DAVENPORT



WHEN a young married woman accepts the invitations of a personable young man she is turning down a path that leads to dangerous places. Worse still, she is deceiving her husband.

Alice knew this. She frowned at herself in the glass. The brown eyes of the reflection looked soberly back at her. Hurriedly she pulled on her hat—it was new and very becoming—and took up her gloves. She would go this once, though it might be unwise.

She ran down the steps of the small house she and Howard had leased for their stay in Mexico, and turned toward the Paseo de la Reforma. She had promised Luis she would come about seven. This, she told herself, must be the first and only times she would go to his apartment. Almost always before they had met at the home of some other member of Mexico's foreign colony, and usually in a crowd of people, at tea, or a party. She hadn't seen Luis very often, but each time was memorable. They met first by merest accident—at tea in Sanborn's, the American restaurant on the Avenida Madero. Stella Reeves introduced them. Stella had met the tall young Chilean a month or so before.

That first meeting was an odd experience. While they said politely conventional things it seemed to Alice—she blushed when she thought of it—almost as though Luis kissed her.

Alice was confused then; she had been disturbed since, and a little fearful because of her own inexperience. At home in Illinois, in North Branch, pretty young matrons went to parties, of course, and flirted too, sometimes, but they didn't steal out of their homes, their husbands away, to meet romantic-looking foreigners.

Alice walked quickly down the Paseo, she scarcely noticed the gloriettas, the islands of trees and flowers that dot the wide boulevard every few blocks, or even Hidalgo, her favorite statue among the row of heroes of Mexico's War of Independence.

But by the time she reached the Alameda, it was too late to go through the old park. Night had come softly and swiftly, as it always does on the plateau of Mexico. Alice decided with dismay that she couldn't walk unescorted through the dimly-lighted narrow streets which lay between her and the Calle Belisario Gomez. But a "libre," one of the itinerant taxis, was out of the question at such a time of day; it was altogether too risky for a woman alone.

To her relief she remembered a taxi stand on a street not far away where the cars were checked out as they left, and turned in that direction.

Just before she reached the stand, she caught sight of the magnolias. Their fragrance drifted toward her as she drew near them. The sweet, clinging perfume seemed part of her mood, and of the mood of the dark, mysterious city which held so much she did not know or understand.

"Señorita, magnolias! Muy-bonito, señorita!" coaxed the Indian woman behind the stand. The waxy blossoms, piled amid dark glossy leaves, seemed unwilling that she should pass them by. Their heavy, tropic perfume held her fascinated. She chose three half-opened buds, and without pausing longer for her change, signalled one of the waiting cars. It came up, a long, low car. They slid away. The wheels made a purring sound as the motor glided through the dark streets. The low murmur of the swiftly-moving car, and the scent of the pale flowers seemed to Alice like an enchantment falling on the princess of some fairy tale.

She drew into a corner of the car and looked out from the sweet-smelling darkness at the unfamiliar streets. There were no "foreigners" anywhere. She was being carried away from the things and the people she knew. From the cantinas they passed the sound of careless laughter came, a phrase or two of a song, the metallic plaint of a guitar.

The car turned a corner, and Alice saw the sign, "Belisario Gomez." The driver peered out, looking for the number she had given him. They slowed down, and stopped before a building that loomed up in the dusk. Alice, carrying her flowers carefully, stepped out of the car and looked uncertainly through lofty carved doors into the patio of an old convent. In the dim light the courtyard seemed to be of immense size. She hesitated. The driver was sure he had come to the right place.

"Sí, sí, señorita. Numero ciento veinte cinco. Calle Belisario Gomez. Gracias, señorita. Muchas gracias."

Alice was a little frightened as the car disappeared, but she went through the great doors, and remembering Luis' directions, looked for a stairway at the right. There it was—a wide flight of stone steps. Persons passed her as she went up—Mexicans; she heard voices behind the closed doors. The old convent must be an apartment house. Here she was at the fourth floor. Now she must look for a narrow iron stairway leading to the roof. A woman came along. Alice asked for el señor Luis de Moncada.

"Ah, sí, el señor de Chile," said the woman, all interest. The señorita must go still higher to find him. The woman looked speculatively at her. Alice thanked her hurriedly, and turned in the direction in which she had pointed. There, at the end of a corridor, an iron stairway began. It led her up and out into the open, up again and onto the roof. Here at last was light to reassure her after the uncertainty of the dim corridors. The light streamed through the long rectangular windows of a miniature house built on the flat roof of the convent. Luis had warned her she might be surprised—that his apartment was perched on top of the ancient building, having once been the studio of an artist photographer.

Here was Luis himself, silhouetted in the doorway. "Alicia!" He came toward her, hands outstretched. How slender he was, and graceful. Howard was stockily built, and of late he had taken on weight.

Luis' smooth, dark head was bending over her hand. "A los pies de usted, senora." Alice's lips curved into a half smile. That extravagant old-world Spanish phrase—"at your feet"—now meaningless, but still graceful. For a moment the scene changed. She saw a plumed hat being swept off before a lovely lady, all smiles and coquetry, misty lace and shimmering velvet.

"You are a little late. I have been afraid for you, alone in our dark streets." They were in the studio now. It was as she had imagined it—like Luis, gracious, sophisticated—yes, a room could be sophisticated, she thought. Mellow old

wood and silver caught and held the light. There was color—dulled, soft reds.

Luis was taking her coat. She was glad she had worn the black lace frock—it was a perfect dress for this room. She might have known Luis would wear dinner clothes. She was glad he had, it made an occasion of their dinner. She wanted it to be an occasion—something completely delightful to remember for years.

Alice thought of her flowers. "I couldn't resist them, they smelled so sweet," she said. "Aren't they lovely?"

"Lovely,—but not as lovely as my guest."

His dark face, delicately featured, was close to hers. What was he thinking? Surely he wouldn't kiss her. Perhaps he guessed her thought, for he went across the room and touched a bell. "Doña Amelia," he said, as an elderly woman came through a door, "please bring something for the flowers the señora has brought us. The crystal bowl my sister sent from Paris."

"Doña Amelia takes care of me," he explained as the stooped, little woman left the room.

So he had a housekeeper. Alice's apprehension lifted. But what had she seen in the woman's eyes?

Luis made a ceremony of the arranging of the flowers. And before giving them to her to be placed in the bowl, he touched the white buds to his lips.

The gesture made Alice uncomfortable. These copious, studied gestures and phrases were as strange and foreign to her as—as the magnolias. Howard drew out her chair for her whenever they dined in a restaurant, but that was the extent of his attentiveness.

"What a delightful room," she said, seeking refuge in a commonplace compliment.

"My house and I are honored that you should come to us." He was at her side again. "But I had not known this room could be so charming until you came into it."

"I think you are flattering me." Alice laughed, a trifle nervously.

"No—it is that you do not know how charming you are, Alicia." He preferred the Spanish equivalent of her name. Alice loved his pronunciation of it.

"You mustn't make love to me." What a stupid thing to say, she thought, irritated that she should feel so awkward.

"Mustn't I? Do not all the men you know make love to you?"

It was like fencing, and Alice knew she was no match for him. Why couldn't she play this amusing, challenging game? She was annoyed to find herself so inept, so self-conscious.



To Alice's relief, at that moment Doña Amelia came in bringing a tray with glasses and a bowl of ice, and a silver cocktail shaker. Luis couldn't very well shake cocktails and make love to her at the same moment. She would have a little while in which to gain composure. But she was mistaken, he could make love wordlessly—with his dark eyes, by the gesture with which he handed the glass to her. And there was his solicitude in the matter of the cocktail—that it should be just the one she would like best—and the Spanish toast. She shouldn't have come.

But once dinner was served, Alice began to feel less uneasy, mistress of herself again. It was a delicious meal. There were small wild birds, deliciously stuffed and baked to perfection, a salad of avocados, and wine—a Spanish claret. For dessert—large, ripe strawberries from which the stems had not been removed. They were served amid their own leaves, and there were small bowls filled with sugar to dip them into. Alice's surprise at the perfection of the dinner delighted her host. Had he arranged many little dinners for pretty ladies, she wondered.

Alice found, to her relief, that there was no need for her to make an effort to find things to say. Luis entertained her with stories of his years in Paris at school, and descriptions of life in Spain, and in Buenos Aires. He told her of his home in Chile—in Santiago, and of his Spanish mother. There had been a year in New York, during which he studied the banking practice of the American firm with which he was associated. He was very lonely there, he said. Alice listened entranced, delighting in the cadence of his soft voice and in his deliberate, sometimes halting pronunciation of the English words.

"While I was in New York, so desolate, you were in that little town in Illinois," he said. "Had I known you then I should have come often to see you." This made Alice smile. You can't very well run over from New York to Long Branch, Illinois, for tea. And what would Luis have seemed like there. A little too much of a humming bird, she was afraid.

"I might have carried you off with me—to Spain, perhaps. Would you have come?"

Now they were on dangerous ground again. Alice went over to the piano, and played a few bars of the songs she had found there. "Won't you sing for me?" she asked, feeling that there might be safety in the music. He caught her hand as she got up to leave the bench. "Please don't go, Alicia," he said; "stay here with me. I can only sing if you are near." He chose a Spanish song. Alice's knowledge of the language was too meager to permit of the translation of more than a word or so, but from the caress of his voice, she knew it must be a love song.

The little, bowed figure of Doña Amelia passed the window as Luis was lighting a cigarette, after the song. Alice had a wild desire to run after her, and bring her back. But, she told herself, she was being very silly. Luis liked her, she was sure, but he probably didn't mean anything by this flattering attention. She had heard that Latin men seem to think all women expect to be made love to.

Still, she wished he wouldn't look at her like that. He put out his cigarette, and sat watching her, as she sat idly fingering the keys. Then taking her hands, he pressed his lips first to one, and then the other. Alice took fright, and moved away. "Alicia, mia, you must not be afraid," he said, and with a swifter gesture than she had believed possible, caught her to him, and kissed her.

Alice escaped, and held him from her with one hand. "Please," she begged, and rising, moved back across the room. What ought she to do? Screaming in such a predicament went out with the Victorians. Anyway, it would be absurd and schoolgirlish.

"Luis, please—you'll spoil it all." Should she say anything about her husband? No, the time to have thought of that aspect of it was before she came. I—oh, Luis, it's been perfect. I want to keep it perfect. Let's be friends."

"Friends! But, Alicia, in my country we do not think of friendship between a man and a

woman." Again he was near her. "And you are so charming, too charming to talk of friendship with any man." His arms were about her. She struggled, but couldn't free herself. He kissed her hair, her shoulders, her mouth. She made another frantic effort to escape, and succeeded in struggling free. Now she was really afraid of this passionate stranger, who seemed so sure he could break down her resistance; afraid of him, of what his eyes and the tones in his voice told her. As he kissed her, he had murmured that he loved her. But this wasn't love; it was menacing—ensnaring, like the scent of the magnolias. The room was full of their sensuous odor; she felt she would faint if she couldn't get away soon.

They both started. There was a footfall outside, and then someone knocked. Luis hesitated a moment, and went to the door.

"Diane!" he exclaimed.
"You did not expect me tonight, Luis? Am I not nice to surprise you?"

(Continued on Page 7.)

What two are more fitted than they

By JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS

*'Are they happy?
'Happy, you say,
what two are more fitted than they?'*

*'So they have been happy
fifty years long...
nor done one another a wrong?'*

*'Oh, quarrels, you know,
like all married folk,
but they've never thought marriage a yoke.'*

*'Are you happy?
'Happy! We?
As happy as two could be.*

*And now that he's gone,
and I see you there,
I could shriek and pull my hair.*

*I've never known
what's behind
your words and in your mind.*

*Fifty years;
it's too late
to try to change my hate.*

*God knows alone
what's been my fate
to live here with my hate.'*

*'There she sits
and stares at me
and goes on stirring tea.*

*And yet I know
something's been wrong
with us these fifty years long;*

*but what it is
I can not say.'*

"What two are more fitted than they?"

An Examination of Examinations

(Continued from page 1.)

Our goal must be this: we must seek to provide the greatest opportunities in tri-weekly attendance for the arrangement of scholarship ratings. We must rebuild the organization of the university, doing away with retrogressive student interference in administrative affairs (such as the Student Council), and all superfluous committees and other interlocking directorates. We must seek to get perfect simplicity for perfect efficiency. And we will never do that if we preserve this wine-and-water system of class-room grades of America and examination grades of Europe compromised and muddled.

And She Waited

(Continued from Page 3.)

is if Roy wants it that way." She smiled from within. "That's like Roy, isn't it? He hates to disappoint me."

The city editor grunted.

They went to a Chinese restaurant, second floor up, where a booth, intimate and highly polished, isolated them from the late dinner crowd.

"Have anything you want," said the city editor, puffing his chest. "Roast turkey, club sandwich—anything."

"What are you going to get?" she demanded, arching her eyebrows.

"I haven't decided."

She scrutinized the menu and emitted a soft sigh as if it were difficult to select. Then she said, almost resignedly: "I believe I'll take the roast turkey."

The city editor was aware that she had ordered the most expensive plate on the card. "Do you always eat as much as that?" he asked, groping for the reason which was the base of Roy's plea that he meet this woman.

"No," she returned. "Roy and I usually get only sandwiches. He doesn't earn much, you know, so I try not to order much. But you," she smiled at him, "are different! You are a city editor!" She said this emphatically as if to imply that country estates, yachts and stables went with his position.

She refused his offer of a cigarette. He tapped an unlighted one on the back of his hand.

"They, the Herald, I mean," she said thoughtfully, "shouldn't make him work so hard. Can't you do something about it?"

He shook his head and continued to tap his cigarette in time with the music which drifted into the booth from the dance floor in the center of the restaurant. Luella wasn't in the least affected by the music. She was as expressionless and calm as a statute. But since she was there and he was there and there would be a wait for the meal, he said the customary things.

"Dance?" he asked, leaning forward.

"Do you want to?" she replied.

"If you do."

"It doesn't matter," she returned unenthusiastically.

He lighted his cigarette and shifted in his chair.

When the dinner was set before her, she rapturously commenced on it. Standing before the Herald in the brisk night air had stimulated her appetite. She spoke to him once. And that was to inquire if he'd object if she ordered double dessert.

Immediately after dinner, she dismissed him with the blunt statement that she wanted to be alone. Not that she didn't appreciate the meal... oh, no, nothing like that! But that she was moody, sometimes had the "blues." She knew that he, a city editor, would understand. Newspaper men were "broad-minded." Solitude was good for the "blues."

And having broken from him, she aimlessly walked the streets. She gazed at the displays in shop windows without looking at anything, like a blind bat attracted by the light.

At eleven, she took her stance before the Herald entrance. She pulled her coat collar high over her chin to prevent recognition by the city editor in the event that he appeared. She pushed her hands deep into her pockets and leaned heavily against a pole, prepared for a long wait.

But she waited only a few seconds. Roy came out with the suddenness of frightened fawn pursued by the hunter's gun. In his haste to reach the car stop, he almost passed her.

"Roy!" She pulled on his sleeve.

His lips sagged when he looked down on her.

"You needn't stop," she cried with assumed gaiety, despite the frozen solemnity that the night air had given her lips. "I'll walk to the car stop with you."

She clung to his arm as they walked.

"Did you enjoy the dinner?" he asked.

"It was all right."

(Continued on Page 8.)

Distant Drums

By DAN TOTHEROH,
Directed by Guthrie McClintic



HOSE who object to the usual Romantic depiction of pioneer days were amply satisfied by the great seriousness with which Dan Totheroh presented his story of the Oregon Train in the year 1848. It is realism of the first order with no light moments. Had it not been so beautiful it would have been unbearably heavy. We see the other side of the adventure of this period. To be sure the characters are dreaming of fair fields in Oregon and free gold in California, but their daily life is a battle against the wilderness, shadowed over by the fear of savage cruelty and starvation. There are no beautiful women. There is no humor. There is birth and death and love and hate and sacrifice, all told with an impressive sincerity which restrained the clapping of the audience and left the house still as the lights went on again.

The personality of Eunice (portrayed so delicately by Pauline Lord) was the keynote of the entire drama. Eunice, whose great-grandmother was burned as a witch, who married the captain of a pioneer group because she wanted to go, who felt always an agonizing yearning to answer the call of the distant Indian drums, who was all-in-all more than a bit fay. She is completely indefinite when one attempts to describe her and yet unforgettable. She herself knows she is different. She feels an excitement of kinship with the savages which she cannot explain and which she tries vainly to control. Her expressed thoughts are at once naive and wise. Her love for the two men who love her is both gentle and cruelly indifferent. Young Jason loved her passionately. Her husband loved her adoringly. Yet, as she herself said, "nobody's got me." She belonged over the mountains beside the firelight dancing with the savages, throbbing to their wild melodies. Instead she clings to her own people with an emotion which she cannot define and fears the Indians while she is fascinated by them. But when she goes forth in the end to give herself over to them, to save her own group from starvation in the winter mountains, she says, "I know my own mind. I'm not ascariot."

She is not a character of positive qualities. We learn most about her from the vague gesturing of her hands and the weird monotony of her voice. She seems to be seeing things and hearing things beyond us which gives to her an unearthly quality and makes her husband cry out in pain, "What are you thinking, what are you thinking?"

The characterization needed the daintiness with which Miss Lord played it to suggest the mad yearnings and the childlike mysticism of this strange woman who stood in her calico dress and stayed to the beat of the drums.

The cast as a whole was excellent. The usual types were presented: Arthur Hohl who admirably depicted the iron leader so sorrowfully in love with his wife; Edward Ellis as the sympathetic old scout; the hysterical coward played by William Lawson, the rebellious lover of Eunice done by Edward Pawley. Of the women, when Miss Lord was not holding the audience spell-bound the work of Mary Michael as the wife of the weakling took the honors.

Mr. Totheroh (who is incidentally surprisingly young) tells us he wrote this story with Pauline Lord in mind. He has caught the spirit which lies beneath her expression, for she has a strange face. We can see her as a lady and as a savage. As Eunice she is torn between the two. At a moment of danger when the sturdy pioneers—men and women—kneel to pray for strength from God she stands uncertain, as though afraid to join them. As they chant—"Our Father, who art in heaven—" the drums begin in the distance, and her hand drags frantically at the flap of her covered wagon, while her head moves tortuously from side to side. We are never quite sure whether she is over-sensitive or insane.

The audience was divided. They were not certain that they liked it. However, all were fascinated throughout and found themselves upset by unusual emotions at the conclusion. It could not be said to be a powerful drama. It was too delicate for that. One must needs say over and over it was deeply impressive.

Tah

(Continued from page 2.)

Wung's, pausing for a moment before he squatted on his heels, to look at the stars.

Wung coughed at his elbow. "Tired?"

"No. Stars pretty, Wung."

"Rifle hurts." Wung sat down on his pack and fell forward sound asleep. Tsing had cast himself full length in the dirt to bury his head in his arms.

Tah thought for a moment about his heels, but as he knelt to dig into his duffle, he, too, collapsed to sprawl beside his friends, his face turned to the stars. Trivensk stopped for a moment to look down at the young face and sighed. The skin was still soft like a baby's, but the wrinkles around the eyes belied Tah's twelve years. Trivensk started to kneel beside the boy, but squared his shoulders and strode on down the line to check the numbers of his company.

Although they had been halted fifteen minutes, Tah felt that it had been less than one. His shoulders were stiff from the momentary relaxation and his boots felt ugly and cold. He helped Wung adjust his pack and fixed Tsing's rifle so that it could be carried by the sling, and had barely shouldered his own burden when the five thousand began to move.

"E! UR! SEN! SHU! HEP! UR! SEN! SHU!"

The dust was writhing up into the air again to blot out the stars. Tah felt his heels trod upon and sluggishly caught the step. He wished he had remembered the goose-grease. His heels felt worse for the halt. How he hated to start out again with cold boots! It would have been better to have kept right on marching. He was glad it was too dark to see the feet ahead of him.

At five o'clock the long column began to stop at intervals, and Tah surmised that the companies up front were being dispersed. After slouching up the road ten yards at a time, Tah's weary company at last came to a trench. It was long, and seemingly without end to its black length. For the first time, Tah became conscious of a dull booming and a high crackle which had long been in his ears. He had heard it months before and knew that the rumble was made by large guns, and that the crackle was that of rifles and machine guns.

The east was gradually turning grey, and the cold morning air bit into Tah as he stood at the top of a parapet waiting for Trivensk to give an order. The White Russian shouted, and the men tumbled into the trench, to sink as one man on the firestep where they huddled together in sleep. Tah was too tired to rest. He lay close to his friends with his eyes on the greying sky. Wung was whimpering softly, though he slept.

Nine o'clock found the five thousand waiting at attention in the trenches. The rumble had grown louder, and far down the line, Tah could hear the mad clatter of machine guns. Smoke had begun to roll across the yellow plain before them. There were some hills two or three miles away which Tah liked. There were some green spots there. Tah wondered how it would feel to sprawl at full length in tall, damp grass. He moved and a cloud of dust rolled from him.

Some little figures in grey were running across the plains toward them. Tah tried to count them, but his eyes smarted. The figures were coming nearer. Trivensk stood up on the parapet and watched them through a pair of field glasses. The crackling was growing louder now, and above his head, Tah could hear the vicious twang of bullets. He knew that they were rifle bullets. He

looked at the figures again, and saw some of them kneel, get up, run closer, throw themselves on the ground, get up again. There were more than he had supposed. Dully he wondered who they were and why they were kneeling.

Trivensk turned toward the far end of the line, and then waved his hand. "Ready on the firing line!" he bellowed. "Load!"

Tah's deep brown eyes sprang wide for a moment and then bent to pick a clip out of his bandolier. He felt the cartridges slither out of the clip and into the breach. He slammed home the bolt and set his sights for a thousand yards.

Trivensk looked out across the plains for a moment and then threw down his arm. "Fire!"

Tah stood on his pack and thrust his rifle toward the grey figures which grew closer every second. His finger pressed the trigger. The recoil almost knocked him away from the parapet. He slammed another shell into the barrel. He tried to aim but the gun shook. He pressed the trigger, loaded, pressed the trigger. The grey figures were close to the trench. Out of the corner of his eye, Tah saw Trivensk spin around and crumple into the trench, half his face gone. Tah's rifle grew hot. He couldn't see the sights. Clip after clip he tore off the bandolier and rattled into the magazine. Tears were blinding him. The acrid taste of smokeless powder was in his mouth. Load and fire! Load and fire! On his right, Wung cried out. Tah turned to see the child clutch at the sand bags, and then hurtle onto the dusty floor. Load and fire! The grey figures were almost to the trench. Tah could see them falling here and there, but the tide swept on over the bodies. Load and fire! Tsing snatched at his arm, tried to say something. Tsing coughed and thick blood drooled out of his mouth. Tsing's face fell forward against the wall. Tah heard the death rattle. Load and fire! A huge yellow face leered in back of a bayonet. The bayonet was coming nearer, nearer. The bayonet was long, a thousand miles long. There was red on the end. Tah felt the icy, burning steel rasp against the bones in his chest. The leering face was tugging at the rifle. Tah's body surged back and forth as the face tried to free the bayonet. There was a sheet of flame as the face pulled the trigger. The rifle came free. Burning powder was eating at Tah's little face. He fell back into the trench across the body of Wung. There was the sky above, all blue and clean. Tah retched. His breast was on fire. Huge waves of ragged pain clutched at his heart. He felt dust beneath his blackened fingers. His little hand plucked at it weakly. There was the sky above, all blue and clean. He couldn't think. A top spun before his eyes. Tsing's top. He would wake up in a minute and go to school. The pain tore at his heart. There was a black cloud up there now. He tried to move. Dust was everywhere. Black dust settling across his eyes. His heart didn't hurt now. The dust settled more thickly. He felt himself falling, falling, falling. Black dust. Falling, falling. Everything would be all right in a moment.

Magnolias

(Continued from Page 6.)

The woman who came into the room wore a gleaming golden wrap, and her lips were scarlet. If she was surprised at seeing Alice, or noticed her confusion, she hid it cleverly.

"So—you entertain tonight. I interrupt. I am very sorry."

"Oh no," said Alice, almost too quickly. Luis hastened to introduce them. Did not Madame Despouys know la señora Hastings?

This wasn't the way it should have ended. Alice was afraid there were tears in her eyes.

"I had a little favor to ask of Don Luis," the Frenchwoman was saying, gayly, "so I ran away from Madame Espinoza's dance. Don Luis makes cocktails so marvellously well. I want him to give me a recipe, for my luncheon tomorrow for the French minister."

(Continued on Page 8.)

(Continued from Page 7.)

The woman was an accomplished liar, Alice decided. Madame had expected to find Luis alone. What did he think of the interruption? He was delighted that Madame Despouys should think so highly of his cocktails, he declared. If she wished, he would explain the recipe in detail by telephone to her Mexican maid in the morning. He was annoyed, so annoyed that he was allowing the situation to slip out of his hand. But Madame lost none of her poise. That would be so very kind of Luis—and now she *must* run away, back to the dance. She was devastated to think she had come so unceremoniously.

Alice looked round in alarm for her wraps; afraid that the opportunity to leave might be lost.

"I must go too, Don Luis. It is late, I am afraid." Stupid, stupid words. It would have been useless to try to keep her. The spell was broken.

Madame Despouys, a little maliciously Alice thought, offered to take her. Her car was waiting at the curb. Madame said that Luis mustn't trouble to come further than the gate. She had her chauffeur and would see that Mrs. Hastings reached her home in safety.

As the car rolled away, the Frenchwoman skillfully directed the conversation to neutral ground—Madame Espinoza and her party. But Alice hardly knew what she said. She was thinking of her journey earlier in the evening. Why had she thought she liked the perfume of magnolias? It was sickening; she hated its cloying sweetness.

And She Waited

(Continued from Page 6.)

"I'm sorry I couldn't meet you."

"I don't mind."

He frowned. "Did you like the city editor?"

"All right."

He frowned again. "He's got lots of money. Smart man, too."

She pressed him arm. "Didn't they give you any time off for dinner?"

"A few minutes for a sandwich."

The clanging of the street car a few rods from the stop sent him dashing down the street. Impulsively, she started to race after him and then, stood stark still and waved a futile hand as he ascended the platform.

At dinner the next evening, he resolved to have a "show-down." Tactful manipulation, he decided, got him nowhere. Facts were facts to be recognized as such and dealt with without salve to dull their edges.

"I can't see you tomorrow," he told her positively when she was cooling her tea with the breath from her lips.

"Work again?" she queried.

"No." He wrinkled his brow. "I want to play fair." He paused to consider the nobility of this statement and to secretly congratulate himself for doing so well. Then he histrionically closed his eyes as if what he was about to say pained him deeply. "I don't love you," he blurted.

Her face became rigid. Her lips twitched and twisted and hardened at a paralytic angle. She glared at him, terrified. And as the import of his declaration came to her in its full force and she saw the love for which she lived slipping from her grasp, her face cracked into a red ball of tears. Ashamed of her emotions, she hid under her arms.

"I'm sorry, dreadfully sorry," was the best Roy could say.

She stood up and started across the dance floor to the exit. Not once did she look back. There was a determination in her step that made him believe that was the end. The scent of perfume and the sound of her sobs hovered in the booth to haunt his chivalrous nature. Cad! He felt rotten.

Oh, well! Another month, another year. She would forget. No tie was too strong to remain

forever unbroken. Another man, more capable of responding to her love than he, would enter her soul.

The realization of his complete freedom came to him when he refreshed himself in the fresh street air. It came like a bugle call that ends a war and sends the populace helter-skelter through the town in drunken revelry. Celebrate! That's it! He'd celebrate his release. After work, the boys in the city room and he could "plant" their toes under the polished bar of a nearby speakeasy and toast to the love that was no more.

STAFF OF

The Monthly Literary Review

EDITOR

JOHN J. HEIMBURGER

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Eire Mooney

Gwendolyn Folsom

Benjamin Schwarz

Herbert L. Alexander II

Helene Kreutzer

Frank Westbrook

Paul Linebarger

Betsy Garrett

Published monthly as the literary section of
The University Hatchet

Douglas Bement..... Executive Officer

H. W. Herzog..... Graduate Manager

F. Winfield Weitzel..... Editor

Lester M. Gates..... Business Manager

The city editor regretted that Roy's invitation could not be accepted. For weeks, he explained, he had been postponing the doing of endless tasks which had to be finished tonight if peace were to be maintained in his family. The police reporter, nursing a sore throat, allowed logic and not sentiment to prevail. At least, that's how he framed it. When his ailment was cured, then, if Roy wanted. . . .

At quitting time, Roy's celebration plans were still in the embryo state. He left the office with the vague intent to go to the speakeasy where, after a few drinks, some understanding, wine-soaked person would appreciate his freedom.

From the top step, he saw her. She stood on the curb, smiling wistfully up to him. Her eyes were still red and her face was drawn as if drained by tears.

"I had to see you," she said simply. "I came to apologize."

"Apologize?" he moaned. "Why should you?"

"For loving you so."

He stared at her, uncertain whether to laugh or to brazenly scold her. He did neither.

"I want to be friends," she continued, extending her hand. "I didn't know."

He took her hand in his and shook it limply. "I shouldn't have cried," she went on. "That was wrong. But I'll laugh now."

And to prove that she could, she emitted a curt hysterical laugh that made him shiver.

"I've been walking the streets," she confessed, "and thinking things over. I don't blame you for what you said."

And because he found it difficult to say anything, he continued to hold her hand. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said it," he blurted when words came to him—the wrong words. He knew it the instant they were spoken.

She slipped her hand into the crook of his arm. "You're going to the car stop?" she said.

He nodded, confused.

They walked in silence. He permitted her to slide her hand into his pocket and to touch his finger tips.

When they reached the car stop, she swung around so that she faced him. "And now," she said, as if they were two new persons in a new world. "Now that we are *only* friends, I'll see you tomorrow?"

"I suppose so," he murmured.

"When?"

"Six o'clock for dinner."

"I'll be waiting," she returned, clutching the lapel of his coat.

He kissed her forehead, as a friend; when his car clattered down the street on its flat wheel.

She waved to him when he ascended the platform. And as the car faded into the night, the inspiration came to write him a letter as soon as she returned to her apartment. She would tell him that she wasn't like other girls, that she didn't want presents, dinners, theater treats—all that she wanted was him, as a friend. She would be fair. Yes, she would write him a letter which would explain the new relationship.

She smoothed her forehead with her hand—lightly, softly, carefully. It was a sort of a caress of the kiss which he had placed there and would remain there, not to be disturbed.

THE END.

Candlelight

(Continued from Page 4.)

mirror watching the colors change as she moved when her mother knocked on the door. "What, dressed so soon, Jane dear?" Mother had in her hand her wedding handkerchief. "I thought that this would go nicely with your dress, Jane. Would you like to have it for tonight?" It was a lovely handkerchief—a creamy colored square with insets of fine lace. After mother had gone out, Jane held the handkerchief against her cheek. She hoped that mother would give her the handkerchief; so that she could let her children see it and feel its soft texture. Her children—she wondered if she and Albert—! Had father and mother *always* gone with each other; or were there others? Somehow the handkerchief made her think of her great grandmother—the little old-fashioned picture in mother's room. The two tall ornamental candles on the bureau were a little imposing; she decided to light them; when the electric light was out they were very soft, and old, and mystic. There was a tall man bending over her; he was in back of her now, very close to her shoulder—"Dearest—my own little girl." But the door bell rang just then: it was Albert. She switched on the light to take one last look at herself. From the front hall she called down to Albert. For one moment she was afraid that he might not like the lovely gown; and she wanted to go back into her room and lie across the bed. Then the moment was past, and she was walking with a strange new grace down the steps to meet him.

V.

The two candles still burned on. Only now on close inspection one could see that they were fly specked near the base. And the gilt which had once been so bravely splendid was beginning to melt and trickle in sickly little streams toward the holder. Finally the wind came up stronger and hurled itself through the open window against the candles. One last flare, and then darkness. Darkness which was soothing to a rather dingy room and two withered candles. Darkness which was a caress, which finally carried away reality. Darkness, velvety darkness, and memories of a time when two candles had burned triumphantly beautiful and had found their soft light mirrored in the eyes of a girl dressed in blue taffeta.